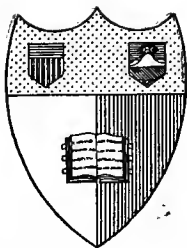




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## **ECHOES OF THE 'EIGHTIES**



# ECHOES OF THE 'EIGHTIES

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY  
OF A VICTORIAN LADY

*With an introduction by*  
WILFRED PARTINGTON

LONDON  
EVELEIGH NASH COMPANY  
LIMITED

*NE*





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# **ON TALES THAT ARE TOLD**

## **INTRODUCTORY**



# ON TALES THAT ARE TOLD

## INTRODUCTORY

IF men and women had not gossiped history would be dull stuff.

We may picture a man better from a story of him than from a list of his deeds and his virtues. That is why from time immemorial people have told stories and why stories have made history. The schoolboy remembers Alfred the Great because the old gossip who boxed his ears told her neighbour about the burnt cakes: we comprehend the spirit of the Elizabethans through the story of Drake's game of bowls before his men set out to meet the Armada. These are the kind of tales which quicken the dry dust of history into life—no matter what class of history it be.

A tale told by one person to another in the secrecy of the noisy throngéd street, or confided over the tea-cups, or wafted away in the smoke-clouds of a club-room, may be, in "the whirligig of Time," one of the few reminders of its age to future

ances. Stories have their tellers and their hearers : the pity is that so many of the best of them are frequently forgotten or else they never reach the ears of those who have the historian's instinct.

I imagine that our ideas of countless famous men and women of the past are so grotesque that we should not recognise them in their true light. And this because our few pictures of them are based on insufficient knowledge and because in the records from which they have been made the personal element—that truth which is born of intimacy—is missing.

Herein lies the value of biographies and reminiscences. They give us illuminating sidelights on men and affairs. They show us the actors as they are when off the public stage : they reveal the happenings behind the scenes. And if in the gleams of the sidelights some of the characters are discovered to be less heroic and others appear to better advantage—so much the truer will be history.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some of the most entertaining and valuable history has been recorded in the diaries and family papers of the last few centuries ; and because so many of these have been destroyed, through ignorance of their contents, much greatly-needed material has been lost.

With the new appreciation of things antique,



old documents are in these days less frequently consigned to the flames as worthless "rubbish." Scholars mourn, now that it is too late, the ruthless destruction of some of the "rubbish" for which the World would gladly give untold wealth. There is irony in the reflection that there will always be men who will spend their lives—will work themselves into insanity even—in the endeavour, for instance, to settle the Shakespearean problem when documents destroyed only a few years ago would have proved conclusively that there is no problem at all. This example could be followed by many others; and all such ruminations can only end in vain regrets, tempered by satisfaction that the modern enthusiasm for collecting associations with the past will prevent, to an extent, the destruction of much that we can ill-afford to lose.

Time was, especially in the Victorian era, when among cultured people the writing of diaries was a matter of course—just as it was a duty to hate a political opponent or to have a large family. Well-informed persons frequently made records with no greater ambition than that of interesting themselves or their friends. With their passing the diaries, correspondence, or memoirs, as the case might be, would be kept awhile for the sake of associations, and eventually scattered and destroyed.

The volume to which this introduction is written

is a case in point. In it are gathered a collection of stories from reminiscences recorded by a lady in the 'eighties. Some of her relatives occupied important places in the State, the honoured position of her family giving her an entrée to the circles of some of the most celebrated Victorians. In her recollections figure such giants of her time as Carlyle, Browning, Tennyson, George Eliot, Swinburne, Gladstone, Disraeli, Wilde, Mill, De-lane, Russell—to mention only a few; and the stories she garnered include some which are valuable for their sidelights on these Victorians, and others which are interesting for the fact that they are echoes of an age so near and yet so far removed.

Her reminiscences reflect the woman who appreciates the full interest of her life and surroundings and who has the happy gift of making friends. She enjoyed particularly her associations with literary people, meetings with whom provided much of her best material. In one place she says: "I feel I am getting very Boswellian." And indeed she had some of the characteristics of Dr. Johnson's famous biographer: for one thing she had a remarkably retentive memory. Unlike some fashionable diarists, however, her own share in the conversations she relates is entirely effaced and she is content to confine herself to unvarnished records of the stories and sayings of the many celebrities she met or

about whom she had opportunities of writing. Where in the rare cases that her personality obtrudes itself, it is always in pleasant relief, her comments being characterised by a charming, naïveté and kindly philosophy.

WILFRED PARTINGTON.

January, 1921.



## CHAPTER I

*Lord Rosebery's Fear of the Ladies—Shelley's  
"Immoral" Verses—The Passing of Charles Peace  
—Swinburne and Babies—The Luck of the Opal—  
The Saviours of the Aristocracy—With his wooden  
leg in Heaven.*

## EDITOR'S NOTE

The reminiscences of this Victorian lady were written in diary form from 1879 through the 'Eighties. In arranging the stories selected from them into chapters the strict chronological order has been departed from in order to assemble the entries in relation to persons and events. The disconnected form of the reminiscences in the original has been followed here, the absence of the wearisome verbiage so often found in Memoirs being a feature of the diary.

Mrs. Lucy Walford, the popular Victorian novelist, was an esteemed friend of this entertaining diarist, some of whose material she was enabled to incorporate in her *Memories of Victorian London* (Arnold, 1912) including a few reminiscences which are here reproduced by kind permission of her son, Mr. D. C. Walford, and her publisher, Mr. Edward Arnold.

## CHAPTER I

*Lord Houghton, whose joke at the expense of Lord Rosebery and whose weakness for entertaining celebrities, are the subject of these first reminiscences, was a noted literator, traveller and philanthropist, and a friend of all the leading men and women of his day. He secured the Laureateship for Tennyson and was one of the first to hail Swinburne as a poet. He is the Vavasour of Disraeli's "Tancred." Lord Rosebery married Miss Rothschild in 1878.*

*A new and amusing story of Charles Peace and his executioner leads to the quoting of verses from a curious song which was sung by the crowd at the execution of Courvoisier. The man, a valet, in a fit of despair at some complaint which had been made against him, murdered his master, Lord William Russell, at his house, No. 14, Norfolk Street, Park Lane, in 1840.*

**Lord  
Rosebery's  
Fear of  
the ladies**      **MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE** spent the afternoon with me, and we went to call on Mrs. Proctor, who is now 79, and is still a most bright and amusing companion. Robert Browning also called, and the conversation turned upon Lord Rosebery's marriage with Miss Hannah Rothschild [daughter of Baron Meyer de Rothschild]. Mrs. Proctor said that the only time she ever met Lord Rosebery was shortly before his engagement, when he took her in to dinner, and was intro-

duced to her by her host in this fashion : “ Mrs. Proctor,<sup>1</sup> I wish to introduce Lord Rosebery to you ; he is terribly afraid that all the ladies he meets are wanting to marry him, but he will feel safe to-night.”

Mrs. Ritchie remarked that there was but one host in London who could have made such a speech, and that was Lord Houghton—and Mrs. Proctor confessed that he it was.

Then Mr. Browning began talking about Lord Houghton, and spoke of his love for entertaining celebrities, no matter what the people were celebrated for. One day a gentleman asked Miss Milne (Lord Houghton’s sister) whether she knew if a certain criminal had been executed that morning, and she said : “ I suppose he was or Richard would have asked him to breakfast.”

At this moment in walked Fanny Kemble (Mrs. Butler). She was so bright and lively, and seemed to stir us up like a fresh sea breeze. She asked Mrs. Proctor if she had read the life of Charles Sumner, the American statesman. “ You know,” she said, “ Charles and I were friends all our lives, so I naturally looked through the book to see what he said of me : and what do you think he did say ? ”

<sup>1</sup> Mother of Adelaide Proctor, authoress of “ The Lost Chord.”



“ ‘ Mrs. Kemble is a noble woman, BOLD, MASCULINE and UNACCOMMODATING.’ ”

“ There is a nice thing to have said of you by one of your dearest friends. I wonder when it was that Charles Sumner found me so unaccommodating,” she added.

Mr. Browning : “ I suppose it was when you refused to marry him.”

“ Come, that is not possible, Mr. Browning, for Charles Sumner never asked me,” she said.

Henry James (Junior), the novelist, came in while this conversation was going on, and Mrs. Kemble began talking about *Guy Mannering*, and she related the story so graphically that it seemed quite new to her hearers. Mr. James’s comment was : “ Ah, Mrs. Kemble, you have put a good deal more in your story than there is in the original,” a remark which Mrs. Kemble did not seem quite to like.

People who used to act with Mrs. Kemble say that she was in the habit of putting in extra words, and sometimes whole sentences, that were not in the play in order to heighten the effect, and this habit of hers was not a little perplexing to the other actors, who, as was natural, sometimes lost their cue in consequence.

We met the Misses Shelley, sisters of the poet, at lunch the other day at Brighton : they are now about 77 and 79 years of age. The elder of them said : “ We walk five or six miles every day : if we once gave up that habit, we should sink down instantly into old women.”

The younger sister, Miss Margaret, has a somewhat crusty temper, and delights to snub everybody, and Miss Helen has her work cut out in trying to smooth matters over.

A gentleman asked Miss Margaret : “ Are you a sister of the poet ? ” He naturally thought she would be quite pleased to own so distinguished a relative. Imagine his astonishment when she said severely : “ I once had a brother who, I believe, wrote immoral verses, but I am thankful to say I never read any of them.”

Can you fancy a person being so perverse ? Miss Helen wrote poetry herself in her young days, and in the first volume of Shelley’s poems are some of her compositions.

I hear that the Government have been making some enquiries into the manner of public executions in our Colonies. Mr. Meade<sup>1</sup> wrote to Marwood (the public hangman) and asked him some questions. That worthy said he would

<sup>1</sup> Assistant Under Secretary of State at the Colonial Office, 1871-1892, G.C.B. conferred 1897.

rather have a personal interview, and he came up to London. His calling in his native town is to make leather bootlaces.

He looks upon himself quite in the light of a public benefactor for the neat way in which he hangs criminals. He has invented what he is pleased to call the "Long Drop." When he was being interviewed, he said : " One can never tell who will give trouble, and who won't. I quite expected a difficulty with Peace, he had been such a desperate man, but, bless you, sir, he passed away like a summer heve."

Apropos Mr. Meade's story, Lord Houghton told me that he and Thackeray had gone together to see the execution of Courvoisier for the murder of Lord William Russell. They reached the place at four in the morning, and found a large crowd already assembled, the people seeming to be in great spirits. One man was singing a song composed for the occasion, a parody on " Cock Robin." It began :

Who killed Lord Russell ?  
I said Courvoisier, I wonder I wasn't noisier,  
I killed Lord Russell.

Who killed Lord Russell ?  
I said Courvayser, with my little raysor,  
I killed Lord Russell.

and so the song proceeded through endless verses as long as a rhyme could be found.

We went to a musical party at Swinburne Mrs. Moscheles. The Pfeiffers were and there, and Mrs. P. began talking Babies about babies, and she said : “ I think them perfection at eight months old ; before that they are undeveloped, and after that they begin to deteriorate.” She added that she had been saying something of the sort to Swinburne, and he had quite agreed with her, remarking : “ I don’t care for children after the first year of their lives, for then they lose their wings and get their feet.”

I think it just as well that some people take a different view, or what the poor little things would do till they grew up if nobody cared about them after the first year I don’t know.

When Robert Browning lived in The Luck of the Opal Florence he had a ring with a very fine opal in it that changed colour with different lights. One day he walked to the Post Office to get his letters. A fair was being held, and the square was thronged with people. He stood opposite the office, and as he took off his gloves in order to open his letters, he noticed the colours in the opal flashing with unusual effect. When he got home, lo and behold the stone had disappeared from the ring.

His sister suggested that they had better walk back the way he had come and look for it. He laughed at the notion, but went all the same. When they reached the square the crowd was greater than ever, and he asked if she thought it was any use going on, but go she would, and she made him show her the exact spot he had stood upon when he opened his letters.

He was able to do this, and his sister stooped down; and sure enough, there was the stone lying snugly in a crack of the pavement.

Lord Houghton, talking to me about the landed interests one day, **The Saviours of the Aristocracy** said there was not much to be made out of land now, unless there were minerals under the surface. "There are two things," he added, "which have saved the aristocracy of this country, and they each begin with an M. They are MINES and MATRIMONY."

"I was making this remark to Sir William Harcourt the other day," he continued, "and Sir William said, in his brutal way, 'Very true so far as it goes, Lord Houghton, but I must add also the absence of an M, and that is MIND.'"

A friend of mine told me that he went to see a poor man who was dying. This man had lost his leg some time before, and had worn a **With his wooden leg in Heaven**

wooden one. While my friend was there, a neighbour came in and said : “ Oh, Bill, when you get to Heaven, I wish you would look out for my Jem and tell him I’m getting along all right.”

The dying man made answer : “ Indeed, I can’t promise any such thing ; I may have something better to do when I get to Heaven than to go stumping all over the place with my wooden leg to look out for your Jem.”

## CHAPTER II

*Froude thinks George Eliot over-rated—George Eliot in need of a Friend—An interesting speculation—The Carlyles and George Eliot—Thackeray's shrewd forecast—The "Hunting Parson" gives Tit-for-Tat.*





## CHAPTER II

*George Eliot had reached the full height of her fame before these reminiscences were penned. Her unexpected marriage in 1880, however, her death within such a dramatically short period, and the publication in 1884 of her "Life" by her husband, J. W. Cross, were the occasions for some original notes by the diarist. Even after the publication of "Adam Bede" the Carlyles shared the popular belief that the writer was a man.*

*Although, as related in the following pages, George Eliot sent copies of both her first two novels addressed to Mrs. Carlyle she evidently desired the philosopher's verdict on them for she wrote (1859) to John Blackwood, her publisher: "I want the philosopher himself to read it ["Adam Bede"] . . . if he could be urged to read a novel." Mrs. Carlyle evidently suspected so much, for in her letter acknowledging the first book she wrote to the authoress, addressing her as "Dear Sir," a long letter in which she said: "In guessing at why you gave me this good gift I have thought, amongst other things, 'Oh! perhaps it was a delicate way of presenting the novel to my husband, he being over head and ears in history.' If that was it I compliment you on your tact! for my husband is much likelier to read the 'Scenes' on my responsibility than on a venture of his own."*

*Miss Anna Swanwick, to whom the diarist was indebted for one of the stories of George Eliot, was a notable woman of the Victorian era. A great scholar, she was one of the pioneers of the movement which led to the opening of universities to women.*

GEORGE ELIOT has married a Mr. Cross. She is over sixty and he is about thirty-five: he is young

Froude            looking for his age, and she looks  
 thinks            fully hers. This reminds me that  
 George Eliot    recently at a dinner at the Howards,  
 over-rated      Mr. Froude (Carlyle's biographer),  
 Mrs. Ritchie, and Mr. Vernon Lushington sat  
 together, and opposite was Mr. Cross. Dinner  
 had just begun when Mr. Froude said in his loud  
 voice : " I like *Middlemarch*, and *Scenes from*  
*Clerical Life*, but I don't much care for the rest  
 of George's Eliot's works. I think they are  
 greatly over-rated."

Mrs. Ritchie, by way of stopping this flow of  
 eloquence, which she thought might annoy her  
 opposite neighbour, interposed : " Is not that  
 Mr. Cross on the other side of the table? " Her  
 well-meant effort only made things worse, for  
 Mr. Froude said : " Yes, that's Cross, and as I  
 was saying, I like *Middlemarch*, etc.," and so he  
 went on all over again.

Burne-Jones was there, and he made a diver-  
 sion by remarking that the letter " H " was a  
 great divider of classes, and until that letter was  
 expunged from the English language there could  
 be no perfect equality, no true Radicalism.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

It is only a few months ago that I  
 George Eliot    wrote about George Eliot's strange  
 in need of      marriage to Mr. Cross after her long  
 a friend        romance with Henry Lewes. And  
 now she is dead.

I saw dear old Miss Anna Swanwick the other day : I have known her for years. She is the translator of several Greek plays, and was celebrated for her learning long before Girton was ever thought of. We began talking about poor Mrs. Cross, and she told me that a lady she knew was in the same lodging with George Eliot long ago. One day the landlady came up to her and said that the lodger in the rooms below, a Miss Evans by name, seemed in great trouble, and she thought she stood in need of a friend. A Mr. Lewes, she said, called there every day, and always after his visits Miss Evans was in a flood of tears.

The lady replied that as she did not know Miss Evans, such a visit might be considered an intrusion, so she did not call on her. A week later George Eliot left England with Mr. Lewes.

I daresay that the lady often reproached herself since. One feels that George Eliot might have been so different had she been able to practice what she preached. If only she had had help at that critical time all her after life might have been altered.

There was also another " might have been " in her life. When she was living at Coventry she was most eager for literary work, and had turned her thoughts to making translations. A certain

Mr. Mark Wilks came over from Paris, and seeing her eagerness for work, he promised to send her a clever French book to translate. It was called, I think, *A Defence of Christianity*, and she gladly undertook the work. He sent the book to her on his return to Paris, but it got lost in transit and never reached her.

At length she got impatient, and so took the next work that offered, which chanced to be Strauss's *Life of Christ*. It was while translating this book that her faith was undermined, and during this work she came into contact with the people who had so much influence over her future life. There are many "might have beens" in all our lives, I suppose.

An interesting speculation      We are now all reading George Eliot's "Life."<sup>1</sup> It has taken the place of the Carlyles for the present. It is a profoundly sad life. Somehow one does not get a personal liking for either her or George Lewes as one got for Carlyle and his Jenny.

The utter absence of fun in George Eliot's letters is remarkable, seeing how much fun there is in her books. She seems to have been another person, so to speak, when she was writing her novels. I have noticed the very same thing in

<sup>1</sup> Published four years after her death.

two other writers, but in the opposite way. Wilkie Collins, for instance, is a very amusing companion, but there is no fun whatever in his books : and there is a Miss Dempster, who is a most amusing woman, brim full of jokes and fun, I can't look at her without feeling inclined to laugh, and she writes the most melancholy stories — *Vera* is one, and *Blue Roses* is another. Why is this, I wonder?

I have been lost in all sorts of absurd speculations since I read George Eliot's life. Both she and Lewes were dyspeptic (this is the price that authors seem often to have to pay for their genius), and they both suffered from nerves and headaches, very much as the Carlyles did ; but instead of souring their dispositions, it seemed to bring out their good qualities, because each thought more of the other's ailments than their own.

Suppose Mrs. Carlyle had married Lewes, and she had been petted and cossetted up and encouraged to write, instead of being snubbed, as she was : would not she have done something brilliant? On the other hand, if Mary Ann Evans had married Carlyle, her genius would have been suppressed, and " George Eliot " would never have existed. So it is about as broad as it is long, after all.

Mrs. Ritchie told me that in The Carlyles looking over an old diary she came and George Eliot upon an account of a call she and her sister had made one day on Mrs. Carlyle.

They had been talking a good deal about *Scenes from Clerical Life*, and Mrs. Carlyle said that the author had sent her a copy, and that she observed *he* had just brought out a new book called *Adam Bede*, and she hoped *he* would send her that one also.

Carlyle came in while she was speaking, and said: "Eh, the unreasonableness of women. Because *he* sent you a present of *his* first book, is that a reason *he* should send you a present of *his* new one?" Mrs. Carlyle replied that she was not sure that she EXPECTED it, but she HOPED FOR IT.

At that moment came a ring at the bell, and a maid brought in a parcel, and when it was opened, lo and behold it contained a copy of *Adam Bede*, with "From the Author," written inside, so Mrs. Carlyle was triumphant.

I hear that Mr. Cross got eight thousand pounds from Blackwood for the memoir of his wife. He was talking to Fanny Kemble the other day about George Eliot and her wonderful genius. He said that her mind was always on



“ Since that time I have made the acquaintance I had not made then, and I fancy I can see before me that well-known face of Thackeray’s, and his eyes, through his old spectacles, seem to twinkle with humour as he says, ‘ Millais, my boy, I told you so.’ I bow before Thackeray’s judgment and acknowledge the truth and justice of events, and the great humorist’s powers of observation.”

The Rev. Jack Russell, the last of The Hunting the “ Hunting Parsons,” is 86 years Parson gives of age, and he still hunts. Some Tit-for-Tat years ago, Bishop Philpots sent for him to speak to him about his hunting, as he strongly objected to his clergy indulging in that sport : there were also other things which the Rev. Jack did which the Bishop did not like.

The Bishop said : “ Mr. Russell, I hear many things about you that I don’t quite approve of.”

Mr. Russell made answer : “ But, surely, my lord, you don’t believe ALL you hear. I hear many things said about your lordship, but I don’t believe ALL I hear. The Devil is not so black as he is painted.”



### CHAPTER III

*The Elections of 1880 and Disraeli's defeat—A waste of energy—Queen Victoria and Disraeli—The wrong leg—Duel in which an M.P. came off worst—Matthew Arnold's misplaced sympathy—A comedy in the Commons—The cynical cleric—Practical Americans.*



## CHAPTER III

*Among the notes and stories included in this chapter apropos the resignation of the Earl of Beaconsfield from the Premiership in 1880 (following his defeat at the elections in the April of that year) and the death of the great statesman in 1881, is one illustrating the affection which Queen Victoria had for her favourite Minister.*

*Mr. Farrer Herschell, as he was at the time of his election adventures related here, had a brilliant career. He was made Solicitor-General in Mr. Gladstone's new Ministry and Lord Chancellor in 1886.*

THE Queen had an interview with Disraeli on Saturday, so we are on the tip-toe of expectation to hear who she will send for next. Poor Dizzy, I feel very sorry for him, as the triumph of the Liberals at the polls was so unexpected.

The Elections  
of 1880 and  
Disraeli's  
defeat

I dare say many good things were said on the hustings, but I have heard very little of that sort of gossip. Lord Inverurie,<sup>1</sup> one of the Chelsea candidates, was making a speech, when a rough-looking man called out: "You've not a leg to stand upon," to which his lordship promptly replied: "That is all the more reason you should secure me a seat."

<sup>1</sup> The present Earl of Kintore.

When Mr. Grantham was addressing a meeting, a man interrupted and said: "Before I promise my vote, I should like to know your opinion about the game laws." Mr. Grantham invited him to come on the platform, as he could not discuss the matter while the questioner was at the other end of the room.

Much against his will, the man was pushed to the front, and a heavy-looking specimen he proved to be. Then Mr. Grantham said: "My friend, there are only three classes of men who need trouble themselves about the game laws. One is the landed proprietor; another is the tenant farmer; and the third is the poacher. Now I am sure you are not a landed proprietor; and I think I may say you are not a tenant farmer; and as to poachers—we must not speak of them to respectable people, so I don't see how the game laws can concern you."

The man left the platform looking very sheepish, and the audience cheered and enjoyed the joke immensely.

A waste of energy      Mr. Farrer Herschell and Mr. Thompson at Durham were asked one evening to go a mile or so out of the town to see a tenant farmer. It was a dark cold night, and they rather grumbled at having to go. When they entered the farmhouse they

found a dull-looking man sitting on one side of the fire, and a bright, intelligent Scotsman on the other side. They talked to the bright man for ten minutes, and felt they were making way with him, when suddenly, Canon Greenwell, who had remained outside, put his head in at the door and beckoned them to come out. "Come away at once," he said. "No need to waste any more time here. The master of the house, I find, is not at home; the man there is the lunatic brother, and the Scotsman is his keeper." So they felt rather aggrieved at having had their walk for naught.

One staunch Tory sent for Mr. Herschell to come and see him. He said: "I knew your mother well, and I take a great interest in your career." Mr. Herschell felt he would be safe for this vote, and his feelings can be judged when the old man added: "I sent for you to tell you how sorry I am that my principles won't let me vote for you."

So the East winds have carried off poor dear old "Dizzy" at last: Peace to his ashes. People at once began to concern themselves about his funeral. Of course, Westminster Abbey seemed the most suitable place, and Dean Stanley much wished him to be laid to rest there;

Queen  
Victoria  
and  
Disraeli

but Disraeli had left strict injunctions that he was to be buried in Hughenden Churchyard beside his wife, and I think it was a wise decision. He would be one of many in the Abbey, and he will be alone in his glory in Hughenden Church, and many of his admirers will make pilgrimages to his shrine.

The Queen was very anxious to go and see him when he was ill. However, Dr. Kidd thought the agitation would be too much for him. I think it was a pity the doctor decided against it, even if it had shortened his life for a few days. I am sure he would not have minded.

**The**                    The Archbishop of Dublin, Dr.  
**Wrong**            Trench, had a great dread of  
**Leg**                paralysis, and as his elder brother had had a stroke, he made himself miserable by expecting the same doom. One night he was playing chess with a lady,<sup>1</sup> and he said suddenly, in a low grieved tone : " It has come."

" What has come? " asked the lady.

" Paralysis," said the Primate; " I've long expected it."

" Where do you feel it? " enquired she.

" In my leg ; I've no sensation in it at all."

At this the lady laughed aloud, to the astonish-

<sup>1</sup> This is a story which since the diarist's day has been told in several forms and of various people.

men of his Grace; and she said: "Make your mind easy on that score, for it is MY leg you have been kicking for the last five minutes, and not yours."

So his mind was made easy for the time being, poor man, but if he is always looking out for unfavourable symptoms, I daresay he will find others in course of time.

A not very brilliant Member of Parliament, whom I shall call Mr. "B.," walked out of the House of Commons the other day beside a friend of ours. As they passed out of the gates, a workman knocked up against Mr. "B.," which irritated him, and he said: "Take care where you are going to; don't push up against me. I'm Mr. 'B.,' a Member of Parliament."

The British workman retorted: "I've heard of yer. I've heard as how yer was a precious fool."

"You are drunk, man; get out of my way," said Mr. "B.," still more roughly. "Well," replied the workman, "it don't matter if I be drunk, for I shall be all right to-morrow, but you'll still be a precious fool."

If it had been said to anyone else, he might have repeated the story against himself and made a good joke of it, but as most people echo the

British workman's opinion about Mr. "B.," I don't suppose HE will ever repeat this little tale. I fancy he must have a good notion what people think of him, but he can't entertain the same opinion or he would not be so often putting himself forward in the House of Commons.

Here is a story of Matthew Arnold's misplaced sympathy. A few years ago he was at an evening party when a young lady who he took to be Miss Frere came up and shook hands with him. After a few remarks on general topics, she said: "I hope you sympathize with my father, Mr. Arnold?"

He replied: "Certainly I do, and I am sure I am not singular in that, for I fancy most people really sympathize with him." On hearing this, the lady said: "How refreshing it is to hear you say that; it is not often I get such an expression of sincere sympathy."

Matthew Arnold thought this odd, as most people think Sir Bartle Frere has been hardly dealt with in being recalled from the Cape, so he looked more closely at the lady, and saw to his dismay that it was not Miss Frere at all. As he had not the faintest idea who she was, he took the earliest opportunity of asking his host the name of the lady to whom he had been speaking, and to his horror he found she was the daughter of



Justin Macarthy!! So in future poor Matthew Arnold will be quoted as one who sincerely sympathizes with the "Land-Leaguers," which is more than he bargained for.

I don't think that Members of Parliament were ever more glad to get away for their summer vacation than they are now [1881]. They have sat more hours after midnight than any other Parliament. The only one that came at all near this was the Reform Bill Parliament, fifty years ago.

A Comedy  
in the  
Commons

Such an absurd thing happened just before the close of the session. A prosy member was droning away in a long uninteresting speech when suddenly there arose loud cries of "Order," "Order." The Hon. Member could not conceive how he was out of order, so he paused and hesitated, and then he began again.

He had hardly got through the second sentence when again loud cries of "Order," "Order," sounded through the House. He turned angrily and confronted the interrupters, and to his surprise, he found their eyes fixed not on himself as he had expected, but on what seemed to him an empty space on the floor of the House.

After straining his eyes for a moment, he perceived they were gazing at an innocent cockroach

which was calmly taking its evening walk. The creature was at that moment standing with its back to the Speaker, a position that no Member is permitted to indulge in, hence the cries of "Order."

How long this would have continued it is hard to say, had not one of the Members crushed the intruding cockroach beneath his heel, and so "Order" was restored and the long-winded Member continued his speech in peace. I think it is a pity that the Irish obstructionists cannot be dealt with in the same summary manner. It would be a great thing if they could be suppressed as easily.

**The Cynical Cleric**            I heard the other day of a clergyman in London who was much annoyed with his flock in the matter of dress. He thought the ladies of his congregation spent too much time in puffing out their dresses and crimping their hair.

He remarked one day to some of them: "I don't think you can be descended from Shem and Ham, but I think SHAM and HEM must have been your progenitors."

When Martin Tupper (the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*) was in Scotland, Sir James Matheson asked him and his family to lunch at Stornoway Castle.

The Mathesons were much amused at the overpowering conceit of the whole family. The culminating point was reached when Lady Matheson said to one of the girls: "Does Mr. Tupper spend most of his time in literary work?", on which the maiden said promptly: "Call him MARTIN Tupper, if you please; you know you never think of saying MR. Shakespear or MR. Milton, but William Shakespear and John Milton."

Mr. Latham told me that when he was in America a man who sat next to him in a tramcar going down Broadway pointed out to him a building they were passing, and said: "That is our General Post Office at present, but we are building a new one."

Practical  
Americans

Mr. Latham remarked that it looked very like a church.

"No wonder it looks like a church, sir," said the man, for it was a church TILL WE TURNED IT TO SOME PRACTICAL USE."



## CHAPTER IV

*Carlyle dreads the "Body-Snatcher"—A visit to Cheyne Row—The Ashburton parties—Froude rejects Carlyle's letters to Browning—A Du Maurier quip—A sidelight on the Carlyle-Emerson friendship—Two views on the philosopher and his wife.*



## CHAPTER IV

*The death of Carlyle in 1881 released a flood of controversy of which echoes are heard to-day. The reminiscences of the philosopher and his wife, recorded by the diarist and gathered together here, throw many sidelights on the characters of the extraordinary pair.*

*The "Mr. Lowell" who is mentioned as telling the story of Mrs. Carlyle and Emerson is James Russell Lowell, the American poet. Mrs. Charles Brookfield is remembered as the head of a famous Victorian salon and mother of the late "Charley" Brookfield, wit and censor of plays. Among the new points brought out in these reminiscences is the fact that Carlyle's biographer rejected material which Browning had sent him.*

ANOTHER great spirit has passed away. Dear old Thomas Carlyle died a few days ago. He just seemed to fade away ; as was once said of one of the Kings of England : " He died of oldness." A nephew and his wife lived with him, so he was cherished and tended with loving care, and his great nephew, also a Thomas Carlyle, was a source of pleasure and amusement to him.

Carlyle  
dreads the  
" Body  
Snatcher "

One of the last things Carlyle said to Froude was : " Now mind, Froude, you don't let the ' Body Snatcher ' get hold of me " ! I need hardly say, however, that Froude has not allowed

that to be put in the *Reminiscences*. I wonder if Dean Stanley knows that his eagerness to house dead celebrities in Westminster Abbey has got him that unpleasant soubriquet.

Mrs. Carlyle once remarked: "When I was first married I thought how nice it would be to sit with my work beside my husband while he was writing, but I soon found that a great genius cannot write unless his belongings are two rooms away."

\* \* \* \* \*

A visit  
to  
Cheyne Row

Carlyle's *Reminiscences* were published last week, and since then people can talk of nothing else.

Unfortunately he has said some very unpleasant things about almost everybody he knew, so their relatives are up in arms at Froude for having published them, and some of the people who had promised a subscription to the monument of Carlyle, which is to be put up on the Embankment, have declined to pay on account of their relatives having been abused.

I went with a friend to Cheyne Row to see Mrs. Carlyle. We were shown into the front room on the entrance floor in which the great historian spent most of his time. It was a bright cheery room, with folding doors into the dining room and a little room beyond with a side



window looking out upon the garden. There were books all round the room and old fashioned prints wherever there was any space. It was just the sort of room I should have fancied the old man would occupy.

We asked young Mrs. Carlyle about her baby, and she brought him down. He has blue eyes, red hair, and rather a heavy rugged face. My friend remarked how like he was to his great uncle. I don't think the mother quite appreciated the compliment, so far as personal appearance went, though she said proudly: "This, also, is a Thomas Carlyle."

In Mrs. Carlyle's letters there is an account of a visit to the Ashburtons at the Grange when Thackeray was there. Mrs. Ritchie told me that she and her sister were with their father when he paid that visit. She was thirteen at the time, and for some unknown reason Carlyle took a great dislike to her, and called her a "conceited old toad," which he soon contracted into C.O.T., and whenever she went into a room in which he was, he called out "Here comes the C.O.T.," and she felt ready to sink into the ground with shyness.

The  
Ashburton  
Parties

I do not wonder that after this she could not endure Carlyle. However when Thackeray, her

father, died he came out in a new light and was so sympathetic and kind that she began to like him, and continued so to do till the end of his long life.

Mrs. Ritchie added that she and her sister were half starved on that visit to the Grange, for they dined at lunch time, and they were of course helped last, and consequently all the guests had finished before they had, and so they never dared ask for a second helping. At five o'clock they got a thin slice of bread and butter and a cup of tea, and when the elders went in to dinner they were sent to bed, and they felt quite faint for want of food. When they could bear it no longer they confided their trouble to Mrs. Carlyle, and she told their hostess, who had never thought about it before. After this they had a meat tea with Lady Ashburton, for she was an invalid and never went in to dinner. When she had proper food Annie was better able to bear up against Carlyle's sarcasms. "And I really don't think I was conceited," said she.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Froude  
rejects  
Carlyle's  
letters to  
Browning**

We have been reading the two new volumes of Froude's life of Carlyle. His daughter said before it appeared, to a friend of mine, that she was sure her father would get a great

deal of abuse for things he had put into it. The book, she said, did not convey the Sage of Chelsea as he appeared to her. I hear that Froude quite enjoys all the abuse he gets from both English and American critics.

Robert Browning has a little packet of letters that Carlyle wrote to him when he was abroad. They were such bright pleasant letters that he sent them to Froude, never doubting that he would be only too glad to have them for insertion in the Memoirs. To his great surprise they were all sent back by Froude, who said he did not require them.

Some people hold the theory that Froude set up an ideal image of Carlyle in his mind and that whatever went contrary to this ideal he rejected. He looked at Carlyle only as a grand, lonely, discontented man, and wished to give the impression that his last years were so utterly lonely ; so he suppresses the fact that a nephew came and lived with him and was as a son to him. He probably says nothing in the book that is not true, but all the same he suppresses facts which give a false impression. And people are wondering now whether Carlyle will live in Literature. It is hard to say.

Mrs. Charles Brookfield and Mr. du Maurier were among my visitors the other day, and they

talked about Carlyle as people mostly  
 A do now-a-days. He does not appre-  
 Du Maurier ciate the Sage of Chelsea and declares  
 quip that he was a toady. Mrs. Brook-  
 field contended that this was only the natural  
 reverence of a Scotch peasant for the lords of the  
 soil! "And," she contended, "how good  
 Carlyle was to his mother."

Du Maurier retorted: "I can't see why people  
 make such a fuss about that: most people are  
 good to their mothers: even I myself, when my  
 income was not more than two thousand a year  
 sent an occasional half-crown to my mother.  
 Besides if you had a mother who smoked a cutty  
 pipe on one side of the fire as old Mrs. Carlyle  
 did, while you smoked a pipe on the other, what  
 would you not do for such a mother?"

After that the subject was changed, as he  
 would take an absurd view of everything and  
 not be serious.

A sidelight Mr. Lowell told us that one even-  
 on the ing a friend of his was taking tea with  
 Carlyle- the Carlyles in Cheyne Row when a  
 Emerson friendship ring came at the bell, and Mrs.  
 Carlyle exclaimed: "Good Heavens! I hope  
 that is not Emerson again, he was here such a  
 long time yesterday," which the visitor thought  
 an unkind speech.

Mr. Lowell added that he did not wonder that Mrs. Carlyle could not easily forgive Lady Ashburton for sending her to Scotland in the same carriage with the maid while Carlyle himself went comfortably in the carriage with her ladyship.

Mrs. Brookfield said she had it on good authority that this was a mistake and it was a pity the story ever got about.

Mr. Lowell went on to say that Mr. Froude had made a great many mistakes. He had been shown many errors which Froude had made in his quotations from Carlyle's letters; little words left out, or else put in, which altered the meaning of the sentences.

Mrs. Brookfield said she had often stayed at the Grange when the Carlyles were there, and she had no idea that Mrs. Carlyle was jealous of Lady Ashburton as she never showed it in any way; and yet all the time she was writing those letters of complaint to her friends. She thought, on the contrary, that Mrs. Carlyle was fond of Lady Ashburton, as she occasionally made a great fuss over her. She remembered that one day Mrs. Carlyle took a stool and sat at the feet of her hostess and leaned her head against her knee. Lady Ashburton was fidgetting about as if she were uncomfortable, and when Mrs.

Carlyle got up and left the room she remarked :  
 “ What a comfort she is gone ; what is one to do  
 in such a case ? It is so ridiculous to have a  
 woman of 45 sitting at your feet, as if she were  
 an enthusiastic girl of sixteen.”

Mrs. Ritchie said : “ There was one virtue  
 Mrs. Carlyle had in my eyes, she was always  
 sincere. I feel sure the day she made a fuss over  
 Lady Ashburton it was because she did feel  
 drawn to her at that particular moment. Prob-  
 ably the reason was that she had had a fit of  
 jealousy and she was reproaching herself about it  
 and thought she had wronged Lady Ashburton,  
 and so a revulsion of feeling came.

Two views      Susan Coolidge writes me from  
 on the      America :  
 philosopher      “ While I was recovering from an  
 and his wife      attack of bronchitis I beguiled the  
                     time by reading the two new volumes of Carlyle  
                     and re-reading the old ones. Taken thus at a  
                     great draught the books were very impressive  
                     and my respect for Mr. Froude’s personal  
                     courage rose greatly.

“ His suppressions are almost as wonderful as  
 his revelations. What a quantity of medicine  
 those two people swallowed. Whenever any-  
 thing ailed them, they seem to have fled to  
 morphia, opium, calomel and castor oil, as to a

rock of refuge. Brought up on oatmeal as he was, it is less wonder that at the age of 25 Carlyle should write to his mother that he could not get through three days without 'the oil of sorrows.' . . . Dear me! the unhappiness of them."

A German professor also writes to me about them. He says: "Poor Carlyle owed his dyspepsia chiefly to his wife. With the river so handy I wonder he did not drown her. He must have had the patience and temper of an angel to put up with what he had to endure. She could write letters, but could not control her conduct or her aggravating ways.

"That great man would not have been half so bitter against the outside world had he had peace at home. I wonder that his great thoughts did not miscarry in the daily annoyance and appeals about bugs, cats, scrubblings, etc. A man like Lewes would have killed her or left her, but Carlyle remained full of anxiety about her, and even kept her a brougham! !"

This is rather different a view from the one taken by most people I meet, who lay most of the blame on Carlyle. In my heart of hearts I think I rather side with the German.





## CHAPTER V

*Echoes of the Commune Riots—The scholar who would not forsake his books—"The English never run"—Pockets and Fashions—Leslie Stephen and the madman—By a different mother—Carpaccio's "St. Jerome"—A novel experience—The age-limit for active work—A story of Dean Stanley—"Didn't like Society!"*



## CHAPTER V

*The story of M. Muhl's devotion to his books, related in this chapter in connection with the Communist troubles in France, has a remarkable literary parallel with a description of one of Doré's pictures by Anatole France.*

*"There are some bookish souls," says the great French author, "for whom the universe is no more than ink and paper. . . . In the monk Nestor whom he [Doré] depicts writing a chronicle in barbarous and troubled times, he has symbolised the whole race of bibliomaniacs and bibliographers. . . . This Nestor should be seen. He is in his cell with his books and papers seated like a man who loves being seated, his head buried in his book, he writes, his nose over the table. All the country about him is given over to fire and massacre. Arrows obscure the air. Even his own retreat is so furiously assailed that the very walls are bursting. But the good monk writes on. His cell, spared as by a miracle, hangs to a gable like a cage at a window. Archers surround the roof, walk like flies the length of the walls, and fall like hail on the ground bristling with lances and swords. They fight to his very chimney. He writes on. A terrible explosion upsets his inkpot. He still writes. There you have the life of a bookman! There you see the power of paper!"*

*It is possible that Anatole France may also have heard the story of M. Muhl's impassivity, for he draws a similar and equally vivid picture of what may be called bibliophilosophical calm in that satirical chef d'œuvre, L'Ile des Pingouins.*

WE travelled from Paris with Sir Vincent and Lady Eyre. He had been in the Senate two

**Echoes  
of the  
Commune  
Riots**      days before and had heard Jules Simon make his great speech. One of the Senators told him he feared before long that the Senate would be done away with. All the respectable people in Paris are in a state of nervous fear; they think the Red Republicans will get the upper hand.

Lady Eyre was out driving one day, and coming out of a shop in the drenching rain she called to the flyman to open the door for her to get in. He took not the smallest notice of her, and continued calmly sitting inside the fly reading a newspaper. She had to touch him to attract his attention. He then condescended to look up, and leisurely coming out of the fly observed that the newspapers were so interesting that one was obliged to read them. When she got back to the hotel she paid him his full fare but he was not satisfied. He said, shaking his head in a threatening manner: "Just you wait two or three years, Madam, and then you will see how different things will be. I shall be sitting inside the carriage and you will be driving me."

**The scholar  
who would  
not forsake  
his books**      A friend of mine was in Paris at the beginning of last Commune riots. She felt it wise to get away as soon as she could, and having an extra ticket to London she went to the Rue de

Bac to try and persuade Monsieur Muhl to come away with her, and to join his wife in London. On her way there she went into a shop, and as she was leaving it, several people rushed in and said: "They are firing down the street," and sure enough they were. The mob had risen and the peaceable inhabitants were flying before them.

In one of the side streets she saw a handsome young man with a drawn sword addressing a crowd of people, and trying to incite them to follow him. "I am of the party of Law and Order," he said, "and if we all join together we can quell the riot." Only two men came and stood by him. The Englishwoman as she stood watching the stirring scene heard a noise above, and looking up to the balcony overhead saw three young Frenchmen watching the scene through opera glasses. It was so thoroughly French.

When she reached M. Muhl's house she found him sitting in his beautiful library overlooking the garden, reading a Persian manuscript. It was such a peaceful scene—such a contrast to the hurly burly in the streets below. However, he could not be persuaded to leave the city and said: "It is very kind of you to concern yourselves about my safety, but I don't feel that I

can leave my beloved books and manuscripts. I am seventy-three years of age, and if perchance the mob does break in and kill me, it can't make much difference to the length of my life."

My friend said goodbye, and left the old man calmly pouring over his ancient manuscripts, and ventured out again into the dangerous streets. She herself had great difficulty in getting away that afternoon.

We met Lord Mark Kerr in "The English never run" Scotland and he described to us how he nearly lost his life during the Communist troubles in Paris. He was taken prisoner for some reason unknown to himself (I suppose he was poking about where he had no business to be for the purpose of sketching)<sup>1</sup> and without more ado he was marched off to prison. As they went along the street his guard became alarmed on hearing firing close to them, and told him to run beside them, so as to get sooner to a place of safety.

Instead of running he stood stock still and said: "Je suis un Général Anglais, et les Anglais ne courent jamais"; and he walked slowly on, and his guards did not dare to leave him. He had no doubt that when he was examined

<sup>1</sup> These interesting sketches are now in the British Museum, being extra illustrations in a volume, privately printed, of the "Papers" of this famous soldier.

they would believe he was an Englishman and would release him, but day after day passed, and he was still in prison. In vain he entreated them to send to the British Embassy to see if his story was true: they simply did not believe him and took no notice of his request.

He amused himself by making sketches of his fellow-prisoners, some of which he showed us. At length, when most of the others had been taken away to be shot, Lord Mark thought things were beginning to look serious, so he renewed his entreaties that they should send to the Ambassador, which at last they did, and he was at once released. Had he been shot with a batch of Communists his family might never have heard of it, and his fate would have been shrouded in mystery.

At the Pollocks the other evening there was old Miss Moore, a niece of the celebrated Sir John, whose "Burial" was dinned into my youthful ears. Shall I ever forget "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note?" I have known Miss Moore for years by sight, as she is often at the Royal Institution. She is a remarkable old lady, clever, kind, and pleasant.

Pockets  
and  
Fashions

I was amused at one remark she made. I could not find my pocket as it was hidden away

at the back of my dress, so I had to ask some one to find it for me. Miss Moore looked on with an eye of compassion. (I say "An eye," advisedly, as she has the use of but one.) When at last the thing had been accomplished she remarked: "That comes of having dresses made fashionably: I am not in the height of fashion, so I can find MY pocket."

She is now eighty-four, poor dear, so that if she had been in the height of fashion, it would not have looked very suitable.

I was dining with some friends  
 Leslie when the conversation turned on  
 Stephen encounters with madmen. Leslie  
 and the madman Stephen told the following story:

"The only madman I ever came across amused me very much. He sat opposite me at a table d'hôte once when I was abroad. Looking across at me he suddenly said: 'I think you were with me when I and the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel made our celebrated brew. It was made of . . .' and here he mentioned ingredients I can't remember, but it was a concoction that nobody could possibly drink. The people on either side of him ventured to doubt his statement, which made him very angry.

"An hour or two afterwards I was sitting



alone in the smoking room when in walked the madman, and taking a chair beside me he said : ' Sir, you are a man of genius and a deep thinker, I am sure of it, for you kept silence while I was speaking, and those who listen and don't speak have time to think. Now I wish to ask you a question : Have you ever seen the Devil? '

" ' Well no,' said I ; ' I can't say I have.'

" ' But I have seen him,' replied the stranger, ' and it happened thus :

" ' There was a haunted house belonging to a friend of mine which nobody liked to stay in, so I determined to spend a night in that house alone. You must know that I have a very strong will, so I sat down in one of the rooms and willed that the devil should appear. I waited a long time and nothing came, but at length I was conscious of a Presence, and I knew that the EVIL ONE was before me.

" ' YES,' he added, seeing, I suppose, a look of astonishment on my face, ' there was no doubt about it, the devil was before me, and he had assumed the form of a CARPET BAG. The bag did not seem empty, far from it ; it was distended and seemed quite puffed out.

" ' I gazed at it for some time, and there it remained quite still : and then, having had my curiosity satisfied, I willed it away again, and it

vanished, and the house was no longer haunted from that time. ' "

I remember another story of a  
 By a lunatic told me by Mr. Goschen. A  
 different friend of his went, for some reason  
 mother or other, on a tour of inspection  
 through the lunatic asylums of America. The  
 first one he visited was in Philadelphia. While  
 he was there a very gentlemanly man came up to  
 him and said: " Perhaps you are not aware that  
 I am Julius Cæsar? "

Some months afterwards the gentleman was  
 again visiting that asylum and the same man  
 came up to him and said: " Perhaps you are  
 not aware that I am Napoleon the Great? "

" Oh, but when I was here last," said the  
 visitor, " you told me that you were Julius  
 Cæsar."

The lunatic seemed perplexed for a moment,  
 and then his countenance brightened and he  
 said: " Ah, yes, but that was by a different  
 mother."

Alick Maitland told me such in-  
 Carpaccio's  
 " St. interesting things about that picture  
 Jerome " of Carpaccio's that there has been so  
 much talk of lately. The picture is in Venice.  
 It is believed to represent St. Jerome in his  
 study—at least it was always believed to be so

till a short time ago, when a young friend of ours, a Mr. Anderson, came to the conclusion that it represented the saint in Heaven, and that all the things in the room were allegorical.

For one thing the crucifix has no figure on it, this, and other unexpected and curious details put the notion into Mr. Anderson's head. In the picture there is on the table an open roll of music, and so well is it painted that Alick copied the few lines of music that appear, and sent them to a friend of his who is learned in ancient music, and he discovered what they were. Apparently they belonged to some old Mass, and this was hunted up. Mr. Coleridge sang it, Alick played it, and Mr. Ruskin listened; and it was pronounced very good.

George Macdonald (the Scottish poet and novelist) came here on Saturday. The conversation turned upon printer's mistakes, and he told us that one of his novels having been reprinted in a smaller form, a copy was sent to him to correct before it was published. He did not see what mistakes there could be in it, as it was reprinted from a larger edition. However, he fortunately opened the book in the middle, and reading the first sentence his eye rested upon, found, to his surprise, that it was quite incomprehensible inas-

A novel  
experience

much as the end of the sentence flatly contradicted the beginning of it.

He made enquiries about the volume it had been printed from, and discovered that as the publisher had no copy by him, he had secured an old copy from Mudie's library. On turning to that page Dr. Macdonald found that some reader had disagreed with him about the opinion expressed in that particular sentence, and so had made a marginal note to that effect. The printer, thinking this was a correction of the author's, put it in, without noticing that it made utter nonsense of the sentence.

**The age-limit for active work**      About a month before Dean Stanley died he was at a dinner at Lord Selborne's. There were only eight guests, so the talk was general. The Dean said: "I feel I am getting old." Miss Macaulay, the sister of the Historian, asked him what he had had to give up on account of his age, and the Dean laughed and replied: "Not much as yet, except evening parties."

Lord Selborne remarked: "I, also, am getting old; I will never take office again."

Miss Macaulay observed that the Levites used to give up active work at the age of fifty, and Lord Selborne asked where she found that piece of information.

“Where should I get it except from my Bible,” was the answer.

“I never noticed it in the Bible. Do you remember that fact, Stanley,” the Lord Chancellor said. The Dean shook his head and owned he did not remember it either.

Miss Macaulay said no more; but she told me a few days later that she had found the passage<sup>1</sup> and sent it to both Lord Selborne and the Dean.

Soon after Dean Stanley returned from America he got into a railway carriage with an American and his little boy. A story of  
Dean  
Stanley

The American began talking about the English people who had been lately travelling in America, and he said: “Dean Stanley was in our country not long ago, they made a great fuss about him, but I for my part can’t say I think he is very much of a preacher.”

“Did you hear him often?” asked our little Dean.

“Well, no,” replied the man, “I never saw or heard him either.”

The Dean then said: “In that case don’t you think it is a little hard to pass judgment on him.”

“I don’t know,” answered the American.

<sup>1</sup> Numbers VIII., 25: “And from the age of fifty years they shall cease waiting upon the service thereof [of the tabernacle] and shall serve no more.”

“ Perhaps it is a little hard, but you see I read some extracts in the papers, and one can generally pass a fair judgment in that way.”

At this point in the conversation the train drew up at a station. It was a junction and the Dean got out, and went into a train on the other side of the platform. He had hardly taken his seat when the American thrust his head in at the window and said breathlessly: “ You are Dean Stanley himself, I hear. I really beg your pardon, I would not have had this happen for a thousand dollars, there is nothing I hate more than to criticise a man before his face.”

The Dean said he was not in the least offended. He asked the man how he came to know him, and the American explained: “ My little boy read your name on your stick, and you were no sooner out of the carriage than he told me who I had been speaking to.”

“ Didn’t  
like  
Society ”      Mrs. Cotton told me that when she was seventeen years of age, at her first dinner party, she met young Stanley, then also aged seventeen, who came to the dinner party with some people with whom he was staying.

The two young people were assigned to each other; they were both so dreadfully shy that they hardly spoke during the course of dinner.

During the evening young Stanley came up to her again and said, in a mournful tone. “ If this is society, *I don't like society!* ”

She married while she was still very young and went out to India. On her return she found that her young friend was a celebrated man and had apparently got quite over his dislike to society, as he was a most coveted guest everywhere.





## CHAPTER VI

*Tennyson defends his unsuccessful play—A tour with Gladstone—Serious faux pas at a diplomatic dinner—A surprise for the congregation—An amusing letter to Strahan—Even at the third time of asking—Not risking their minister—A boy's letter to the Princesses.*



## CHAPTER VI

*Tennyson could not write successfully for the stage. "The Promise of May" which was produced at the Globe Theatre in 1882 was a failure from the first night, and yet, as appears from the diarist's record, he defiantly described it as the best thing he had written, and seemed to resent the public's lack of appreciation of it. The scene referred to here, which occurred on Nov. 14, is said to have been thus described<sup>1</sup> by the Marquess of Queensberry: "Towards the close of the first act when the gentleman representing the character of Edgar appeared on the stage, I instantly became deeply interested when I perceived the character he, Edgar, had come to represent, or rather as I took it most grossly to misrepresent. After listening a few minutes to the sentiments expressed by this gentleman freethinker and atheist of Mr. Tennyson's imagination, I became so horrified and indignant that rising in my stall I simply, in a loud voice, made the following remark apropos of Edgar's comments upon marriage: 'These are the sentiments that a professing Christian (meaning Mr. Tennyson) has put into the mouth of his imaginary freethinker, and it is not the truth.'"*

PEOPLE are very full at present of the merits and demerits of Tennyson's *Promise of May*. I have not heard many persons say they care about it, but since the Marquess of Queensbury made that disturbance at the theatre, many

<sup>1</sup> See "Tennyson: Poet, philosopher, idealist." By J. Cuming Walters.

people have gone to see it who would not otherwise have troubled to do so.

The first night it appeared Lionel Tennyson and his wife went to see it, and they sat in rather a conspicuous box. Mr. Gladstone came in to see them, and while he was talking to Mrs. Tennyson, her husband went into an opposite box to speak to a friend. Just at that time the row began, and Mrs. Lionel Tennyson, looking across the theatre, saw her husband grow whiter and whiter, and she felt very miserable ; but she and Mr. Gladstone continued to talk calmly the whole time the row lasted. Next morning she got a letter from him saying how much he had admired her calmness the evening before, which was some consolation to her, as she had felt far from calm inwardly.

Mrs. Ritchie went to stay with the Tennysons last week, and she was much exercised in mind as to what she should say about the play. Fortunately she was not called upon to express an opinion. Alfred Tennyson talked himself about it, and said that this play is the best thing of the kind he has written, and if people do not appreciate it, the loss is theirs.

His friends were in hope that for the sake of his reputation he would abstain from writing any more plays, seeing that this one has been so badly

received, but now they fear he will not take the lesson to heart.

An article is to appear in *Harper's Magazine* about Alfred Tennyson. When the poet heard this he said to Mrs. Ritchie: "I should like that article to be written by a friend, and I know, my dear, that if you write it you will not put anything unkind into it." He told her anecdotes about his childhood which she will work into the article.

I have been hearing about Mr. Gladstone's tour with Donald Currie and Tennyson: here is a verse somebody made about it:

A tour  
with  
Gladstone

"Their places to the North they booked,  
Then o'er the seas they hurried;  
While common folks are only COOKED,  
The Grand Old Man is CURRIED."

At Copenhagen Tennyson went aboard the Russian Royal Yacht, and the Empress expressed a wish to hear the poet read some of his poems. He consented to do so in a small place where only Royalties were allowed to come, so as not to make it a public thing, and accordingly they went to the cabin of the Empress. She had brought one of her boys with her, and the poet had not been reading two minutes before the

child said, in a loud voice : “ Now I have heard him, Mamma, may I go? ”

When the Empress asked Tennyson if he would come and see them in St. Petersburg, he patted her on the shoulder, in a most fatherly way, and said : “ Certainly, Madam,” which brought a smile to the face of the other Royalties.

Here is a story told by Tennyson  
 Serious  
 faux pas at about his father and a visit he  
 a diplomatic paid to St. Petersburg not long  
 dinner after the death of the Emperor  
 Paul. He was dining at the British Embassy with a large party, and in a pause of the conversation, Mr. Tennyson said :

“ We in England know perfectly well who it was murdered the late Emperor ; it was Count Orloff.”

There was a dead silence, and a catching of their breath by the rest of the company. After dinner the Ambassador kept Mr. Tennyson till the last guest had departed, and then he said : “ You have put your foot into it, and you must leave St. Petersburg at once. A carriage is now waiting for you, and you must post right on to the Crimea as quickly as possible.”

“ Why this special haste? ” asked Mr. Tennyson in astonishment.

The Minister replied in serious tones : “ The

man sitting next you at dinner was COUNT ORLOFF."

The Bishop of London, Dr. Jackson, once re-opened a Church in Lincolnshire, and preached to a large congregation. The Vicar of the parish, who was within the Communion rails, discovered that there was but one alms-dish in which to collect the offerings. He, therefore, quietly hailed the vergers, who were new to his post and quite ignorant of the duty expected of him. "Go to the Vicarage," he said, "and near the window in the dining-room you will find a dish. I want you to take it round the congregation and bring it back to me at the Communion rails."

It happened that the Vicar had entertained the Bishop to some light refreshments, which included biscuits, before the service. The vergers took the only dish that he could find near the window and without delay hurried back to the church where he proceeded to hand it round as he had been instructed. The astonished worshippers, quite unaccustomed to having biscuits offered them during service, one and all refused these refreshments.

On handing in the dish, the vergers said to the Vicar: "They'll have none on 'em."

You can fancy the Vicar's feelings when he saw the contents and realised the yokel's stupidity.

**An amusing letter to Strahan**      The other day I came upon a most amusing letter Dr. Norman Macleod had written from abroad to Strahan, the publisher. The letter is so like Norman :

“ Monastery of St. Bernard's,  
“ June 21st, 1882.

“ Ere I bid farewell to the world, I wish to bid farewell to thee. I have resolved to join the brotherhood. All is arranged. I find they never heard of Presbyterianism, Free Church or U.P. Kirk, and have kept up service here, helping the poor and needy for eight hundred years. I find I can live here for nothing, never preach, but only chant Latin prayers : that they never attend public meetings, never go to Exeter Hall, nor to the General Assembly, but attend to the big dogs and to travellers of all nations. In short it is the very place for me, and I have craved admission, and hope to be received to-night. I shall be henceforth known as Father Flamingus. My wife goes to a nunnery. I leave my children to your care ; three and a half to you, and three and a half to Isbester.

“ Farewell, ‘ Good Words,’ the world and all its vanities. . . .

“ I was interrupted at this point by a procession of Monks who came to strip me of my worldly garments, and to prescribe the vows. Judge of



my amazement on finding I must renounce cigars for ever. I pause.

“2 a.m., June 22nd.

“P.S.—The Monks won't give in—the weather is fearfully cold—no fires in the cells—the dogs are mangy.

“3 a.m., June 22nd.

“I am half dead with cold—I shan't be in the Morgue. I repent.

“6 a.m., June 22nd.

“Off to London. Hurrah.”

A certain Church dignitary, who always says polite things to people and prides himself on his suave manner, met a young man once at a garden party—I think it was at the Archbishop's—and said to him: “How are you, and how is the dear old father?”

Even at the  
third time  
of asking

“My father died four months ago,” replied the young man.

The following year the Canon again came across the young man and said, smiling blandly: “And how are you, and how is the dear father?” “I told you last year that my father was dead,” answered the young man. The Canon expressed his sorrow and passed on.

Last summer he again met the young man, and going up to him with his bland smile, repeated his question of the two previous years.

The young man looked him calmly in the face and replied : “ Still dead.”

I should think this last reply will make an impression and he won't be asked again.

Here is a story I have just heard  
**Not risking** showing the devotion of the poor  
**their** people in Glasgow to Norman Mac-  
**Minister !** leod.

A poor woman in Glasgow sent for a minister to see her husband, who was dangerously ill. The minister, after remaining some little time, asked on leaving, what church they attended. “ Oh, the Barony Kirk, sir,” was the answer. Thereupon he naturally enquired why they had not sent for their own minister, Dr. Norman Macleod. “ Nay, nay, sir ; 'deed nay,” said the woman, and then she added confidentially : “ This is a dangerous case of typhus fever, and WE WADNA RISK HIM.”

The Rev. Mr. Jackson, who is  
**A boy's** tutor to the Prince of Wales's  
**letter to the** daughters, has a little boy of six, who  
**Princesses** has a number of china animals such as it is the fashion now with children to collect. The Princesses sent him a tiny china pig as a present, and he told his mother that he would like to write to them and thank them. This was his letter :

“Dear Princesses,

“Thank you for the pig. I have one just like it, only yours is prettier, but mine is bigger. How are your dogs? Mine is quite well.

“GILBERT.”

He showed the letter to his mother, and said :  
“It does not seem quite what it should be. I do know some more honourable and bigger words, only I was afraid of writing them in case they should be bad grammar.”



## CHAPTER VII

*Darwin's cook speaks her mind—Edmund Yates in prison—Browning receives an unexpected kiss—A naturalist experiments with cats—The village maiden's claim—After Church—When Wesley scored.*



## CHAPTER VII

*The cynic's observation: "No man is a hero to his own valet" is exemplified in the story of Darwin's cook which appears in this pot-pouri. The description of the experiment with cats by Professor George John Romanes, the naturalist and friend of Darwin, makes amusing reading. It is probable that the cook's view of scientific research was shared by the cabman who "looked on" at the naturalist's strenuous experiment.*

*The quaint optimism in the diarist's comment on the imprisonment in 1883 of Edmund Yates would have been poor comfort to the famous journalist. The "quiet life," as a matter of fact, had the reverse effect. He was released on account of impaired health after serving just over seven weeks of the term of four months' imprisonment which was imposed on him for the libel in "The World" hinting at the elopement of a peer.*

*Mention here of the claim of a servant-girl to the authorship of the novels of Mrs. Lucy Walford recalls the case, almost contemporaneous, of the man, Liggins, of Nuneaton, who was notorious for his claim that he had written "Scenes from Clerical Life" and "Adam Bede."*

DARWIN'S constitution was ruined by the perpetual sea-sickness he suffered during his five years' cruise on the "Beagle," which he undertook for the furtherance of Science. His digestion was so delicate that he had to be most particular what he ate. Once, when his appetite was worse than

Darwin's  
cook speaks  
her mind

usual, Mrs. Darwin said to her cook : “ We must try and think of something that will tempt your master to eat ; he does not seem to fancy ordinary food.”

The cook replied : “ I hope you will excuse the liberty I am taking, ma'am, but I do believe master would be able to take his food better if he got something to do. Idle folks is never hungry.”

“ But your master works far too hard, in my opinion ; he, at all events, is never idle,” said Mrs. Darwin.

“ Excuse me, ma'am,” said the cook ; “ but I see him in the garden yesterday with my own eyes a-staring at a leaf for over two hours, and *that ain't work anyhow.*”

Edmund Yates is now undergoing  
 Edmund                      his sentence. He has ONE comfort-  
 Yates                         able chair supplied by Maple, but this  
 in prison                    is all the extra furniture he is allowed.

One of his friends called to see him last Sunday, but to his disgust he was not allowed to go into the prisoner's room, but had to speak to him through a hole in the wall. There is only one very small window in the cell, and if Yates wishes to see a piece of blue sky he has to stand on the table. Worst of all, he is not allowed to smoke.

In a certain sense, he is being made a scape-



goat, and it is to be hoped that his punishment will make other editors of "Society Papers" more careful of what they print. One can't help being a little sorry for Yates. I hope prison life won't disagree very much with him. It is quite possible that the quiet regular life and the simple food will do his health good.

Nina Lehmann's was such a pretty wedding. The bridegroom, Sir Guy Campbell, is a great grandson of Pamela,<sup>1</sup> Madame de Genlis's adopted daughter, who married the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Sir Arthur Sullivan composed a hymn for the occasion, which he himself played in the church. During the service I was near the Millais' and the Blumenthals'. The latter had already been to the wedding that day of Lord William Compton and Miss Baring.

There came on a dark fog soon after we got back to the Lehmanns' house, and in the darkness a lady came up to Robert Browning and calmly kissed him. She apologized immediately, and said she had taken him for Mr. Lehmann. "I was very much astonished, as you may imagine," said Mr. Browning to me. "And so was I, Robert," chimed in the poet's sister.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Edward Fitzgerald did not, as was so long believed, marry a daughter of Mme. de Genlis by Egalité Orleans. His wife was Pamela, daughter of G. de Brixey and May Sims.

A short time ago I told Mr. **A naturalist experiments with cats** Romanes a story of a cat which had shown a wonderful amount of instinct. Whether my story did, or did not, set him off on the investigation of the instinct of cats, I can't say, but certainly he took it up then and began to study their ways and manners. Having pretty well satisfied himself about dogs, horses and monkeys, he now keeps his eyes on poor pussies.

One of his early experiments was to see if cats could find their way home from any distance. For this experiment he borrowed four cats and hired a cab and took them for a drive. When he got into a country lane, he opened the cab door and deposited the cats on the road, expecting them to set off home.

The cats, however, having presumably enjoyed their drive, declined to walk in unknown regions, so while he was getting into the vehicle again, they all climbed up on to the roof. When he put his head out of the window to see in which direction they had started, lo! and behold! they were looking down on him from above.

Out he got again, and this time he asked the cabman to sit on a stile a little way off till he had disposed of them. In vain he called to them and tried to persuade them to come down; they

sat calmly where they were, blinking at him with their green eyes.

At length he climbed upon the roof, feeling that the only way was to push them off one by one. Just as he had secured the first cat, and was in the act of pushing it over, a gentleman rode past on horseback. He paused open-mouthed with astonishment at this unwonted spectacle. Of course, he must have thought Mr. Romanes was a lunatic, and there was such a look of surprise on his face that the supposed lunatic burst out laughing. This further alarmed the rider, who touched his horse with the whip and rapidly disappeared, apparently to give the alarm at the next police-station, and to tell the whereabouts of the escaped "lunatic."

With great difficulty the poor cats were chivied away, and three of them have never been heard of since. The fourth returned after a fortnight, but Mr. Romanes considers it was chance, and not instinct, that brought it back. He thinks that he has thus disposed of the fallacy that cats can always find their way home if they are lost.

Lucy Walford has received a letter from a Scotch Minister, dated from a Manse near Perth. He was quite a stranger to her, and he wrote to say that there was a servant-girl living in his village

The village  
maiden's  
claim

who declared that *she* was the “ L. B. Walford ” who wrote the *Baby's Grandmother* and all the other books by that author. He went to see the girl, and found her a very ordinary person, and he told her he was sure she was telling an untruth, as it was impossible she could have written books like that.

She then said she had made all the plots and done all the real work, and that Mrs. Walford had simply put the books into a better shape, and that it was a great shame that Mrs. Walford should get all the money and all the credit when so much of it belonged by rights to her. The minister concluded by asking Lucy to send him a line authorizing him to contradict on her authority this story, as many people believed it and were full of wonder at the genius of this village maiden.

Lucy was never in that village in her life, nor has she ever heard of this girl before, so why SHE was fixed on by the village maiden she can't conceive.

After Church                      Col. Collyer told me that one day while coming out of church in the country he remarked to a fashionable woman whom he knew :

“ What a beautiful sermon we have had.”

“ Indeed, do you think so, sir,” she replied ;

“ I can't agree with you. He said one thing I did not like at all; he said OUR SAVIOUR WAS A JEW.”

“ Of course he did. What else could he say, seeing that our Saviour was a Jew? ”

“ Not really,” said the woman in astonishment; “ I always thought he was a good Christian like myself.”

We were talking of ready wit,      When  
which I always admire so much, for      Wesley  
I myself am like the man in ‘ Happy      scored  
Thoughts ’ who never remembered a good answer  
till some hours after the occasion for it had  
passed.

Someone told the following story of Charles Wesley. He was walking one day in a very narrow passage where two people could not pass unless one of them stood close against the wall. In this passage he encountered a clergyman who had taken a great dislike to him. The said clergyman stopped short, and blocking the way said : “ I never stand on one side to let fools pass.”

“ But I always do,” said Wesley, suiting the action to the word and standing against the wall. The discomfited clergyman passed him in silence, feeling that he had had the worst of the encounter,



## CHAPTER VIII

*Life in old Algiers—British guile against Eastern obstinacy—Dreams as warnings—Getting round it—A new poison—Laurence Oliphant—Hardly Strangers—Overheard at the theatre.*





## CHAPTER VIII

*Reminiscent of pages from a novel of Pierre Loti is the description here given of the entertainment arranged by the Governor of Algiers. The experience must have been all the more extraordinary to those English guests present who would be more familiar with the stately procedure of British official functions in the East.*

*The lively tales related by Sir Charles Warren and Mr. Harry Jones illustrate the genius of Englishmen in dealing with Orientals. Sir Charles Warren's fine excavation work in Jerusalem and his Reconnaissance of Palestine were accomplished between 1867 and 1870, and are described in two books of his "Under Jerusalem" and "The Temple of the Tombs."*

*Laurence Oliphant, a well-known literary figure in his day, was for many years under the influence of Thomas Luke Harris, the American spiritualist and founder of one of the strange religious sects for which America is notorious.*

THE Governor of Algiers is Monsieur Grévy, a nephew of the President of the French Republic. He had caused a good deal of dissatisfaction in the Colony because he had given no entertainments all the winter, so he determined to give a party on a very grand scale.

Life in  
old  
Algiers

He got workmen over from Paris, and they spent a week in putting up decorations, illu-

minated lamps, tents, &c., for it was to be an evening garden party.

Six thousand invitations were sent out ; no one was left uninvited who could come decently clothed. This, of course, offended the " Upper Ten " to begin with.

There had not been a drop of rain for weeks, but as ill-luck would have it, just before the people began to assemble at 7.30 a dreadful thunderstorm came on, with deluges of rain, which lasted a whole hour, flooding the gardens, putting out the lamps and soaking the tents. It was simply impossible to go into the garden without getting wet, and though many of the guests did not go, yet enough went to fill the house from the top to the bottom.

Some men in Arab costume sat down to supper as soon as they arrived, and there they continued to sit, eating at intervals, the whole night.

At six a.m., when Madame Grévy went up to bed quite worn out, she found to her dismay a drunken soldier lying on her bed and another on the floor, and the place strewn with chicken bones.

Thus the poor Governor spent his money for nothing, gave no one pleasure, and gained no popularity. I had this account from two English friends of ours who were of the party.

We met Sir Charles Warren and Mr. Harry Jones at dinner at the Alfords, and had a very amusing time of it. British guile  
against  
Eastern  
obstinacy

The talk naturally turned upon the Holy Land, and Sir Charles Warren told us some of the difficulties he had experienced while excavating under Jerusalem.

He went armed with a Firman from the Sultan saying he was to have every facility to excavate, and the authorities were to render him every assistance. He was free to carry on his work anywhere except—here followed a list of exceptions, and the list included every point he wished to work in.

Fortunately there was something technically wrong in the Firman, and he sent it back to headquarters to be corrected. They do their work in so deliberate a way in the East that it was two years-and-a-half before the Firman was returned. Meanwhile, Sir Charles had been hard at work, and had accomplished almost all he had intended to do in the immediate neighbourhood of the Harem area.

At the outset, after the Firman had been returned for amendment, the Pasha of Jerusalem gave his permission for Lieut. Warren, as he then was, to dig a hole within 50ft. of the place he had

asked leave to commence at. He dug the hole accordingly, and then worked laterally, and arrived in time at the exact spot at which he wished to begin his investigating.

When a rumour of this reached the Pasha, he sent a trusty agent, who was to descend the hole and to report all he saw. Lieut. Warren was prepared for the visit, and received the official, who was also a Pasha, with great ceremony, and placing him on the chair which was attached to ropes, he was lowered 50ft. down. The English sergeant who lowered him gave the rope a final twist when the chair got to the landing stage before the final descent, so that the Pasha got quite confused about the direction he was going in when they started to inspect the excavations.

“We are now walking towards the Harem area,” said Lieut. Warren, which, of course, was strictly true, and this was the forbidden place. But the Pasha had been so confused about the direction by reason of the turning round of the chair, and he was so unused to hear a man speak the truth, especially to his own disadvantage, that he did not believe what was said, and replied: “I know better. I am sure the direction we are going in is the opposite to what you say,” and he persisted in his assertion.

Accordingly, he reported to the Head Pasha that the excavations were being carried on further and further from the sacred precincts of the Harem area, and leave was therefore given them to continue in the same direction, as much as the excavators pleased—which was just what Lieut. Warren wanted.

Mr. Jones told us that the friend he had been travelling with through the desert was mixed up in a dispute in Jerusalem, and went to the Pasha about it. In relating the circumstances afterwards, he said: “It was most trying, none of the people seemed to have the least regard for truth: just think of it, two false witnesses were hired against me; was it not annoying?”

“What did you do then?” asked his friend.

“Of course I had to hire THREE,” was the calm rejoinder.

I heard a curious dream story the other day. The lady dreamed she was coming out of a house and a carriage was standing before the door. There was no one in it, so she thought it was intended for her. Just as she was going to step into it, the coachman looked at her in a peculiar way that alarmed her, and she did not enter the carriage. She dreamed the same thing for three successive nights, till the face of the

Dreams  
as  
Warnings

coachman was strongly impressed on her mind and she felt she should know him again anywhere.

Not long afterwards she was in Paris with a friend, and they went to one of the large hotels to call upon a lady. The porter said she was at home, but as her room was three stories up, they had better take the lift. He took them to the place where the lift started, and the man in charge opened the door and stood aside to let them pass. In an instant the lady recognized the coachman of her dream, so she declined to enter the lift, and said she would rather walk up.

She and her friend accordingly walked upstairs and paid their visit. When they were going away they saw a number of people standing near the lift, and they went to see what was the matter. They found that the man who worked the lift had gone up by himself to bring a lady down, when something went wrong with the machinery, and the lift crashed down, the attendant being killed on the spot.

I was telling this story to Sir Charles Warren, and he said that he also had his life saved by a dream when he was a young man.

He was quartered at Gibraltar at the time, and one night he dreamed that as he was walking along a road he heard a noise, and on looking up he saw a huge fragment of rock tumbling down,

apparently on the very spot where he was standing. He made a rush forward to escape it, but it fell and crushed him. He woke in a great fright, feeling as if he were suffocating, and it made him quite unnerved.

At breakfast he looked so ill that his brother officers asked him what was the matter, and he told them his dream, and said he should not go out that day if he could help it. They all laughed at him and made a joke about it. He remained quietly in his room till six o'clock, when he received an order from his superior officer to visit some engineers who were at work a little distance away. By this time the impression of the dream had quite worn away, and he no longer thought of it.

On his return he heard a noise and a man shouting, just as he had heard it in his dream, and looking up he saw a detached piece of rock falling apparently upon him. His first impulse was to make a rush forward, but, remembering his dream, he stood quite still, and the huge mass of rock fell in front of him, and he was saved.

He told the story at dinner that evening, and it seemed so remarkable that the officers could hardly believe it, but they heard precisely the same account given by some of the soldiers who had witnessed the occurrence.

Getting round it      Mr. Gill, the Astronomer Royal at the Cape, told me the following story which amused me, and so I record it.

A certain Scottish minister gave out his text which contained some allusion to Nineveh.

“ My brethren,” said the divine, “ this great city of Nineveh mentioned in our text is situated . . .” and here he forgot where Nineveh was situated, so he began again.

“ My brethren, as I said, this city of Nineveh, which is mentioned in our text, was situated on the banks of . . .” Here he paused again : he had made no better shot at his memory than he had done before. He could not remember if Nineveh was on a river, or if so, on what river : so he tried the third time.

“ Brethren, no city mentioned in the Bible plays a more important part in Holy Scripture than the great city of Nineveh mentioned in our text. It was inhabited by a great and powerful people, and it is situated . . .” Here a graceful termination occurred to him, so he went on triumphantly : “ situated, my brethren, where God in His Almighty Providence was pleased to place it.”

A new poison      One of the great London doctors said the other day that a new poison had been discovered, which is for-



tunately very difficult to get, as its effects are so terrible. If a little is rubbed on a man's skin he feels no effect for three weeks; then he begins to feel ill. If a greater quantity is put on, he goes mad; and if still more, he dies.

Two young doctors have been making experiments with this poison in Edinburgh, and one of them became a hopeless madman and the other died. It is horrible to think of such deadly poisons. I wonder if it is the same thing the French used a couple of hundred years ago, when they could kill a person by making him smell a poisoned flower, or put on a poisoned pair of gloves. Massianello died, after first going mad, following a supper with his enemy the Duke, so I don't doubt he had this poison—or something very like it—given him at the supper. As Solomon hath it: "There is nothing new under the sun."

Laurence Oliphant has at last got out of the clutches of Mr. Harris, the head of the "Brotherhood of the New Life." He and Mr. Harris have "agreed to differ"; this is the mild way in which Mr. Oliphant expresses it. I suppose that Harris, perceiving he had lost his hold on his distinguished convert, thought it wise to give him up gracefully and not make a fuss,

Laurence  
Oliphant

Mr. Oliphant has bought some land, "a parcel of ground," I suppose I ought to say, in Syria, and he and his wife are going to settle down there.

His *Piccadilly* is to me a fascinating book, though it does hit rather hard right and left.

**Hardly** Mrs. Vaughan (Dean Stanley's  
**Strangers** sister), whose husband is now Dean of Llandaff, is very fond of Society, but her husband, when Master of the Temple, rather disliked it, so most of her hospitality consisted of garden parties, at which he could appear or not, as he liked.

Mrs. Vaughan prided herself on being a good hostess, and introduced people to each other very freely. Observing a lady and gentleman sitting on a garden seat quite silent, she went up and introduced them to each other.

As she knew the name of neither, she made a confused murmur; they bowed politely to each other; and having thus done her duty Mrs. Vaughan passed on. Half an hour later, as she was standing near the same couple, she heard the gentleman say, "My dear, had we better not be going?" and when they said good-bye she found that they were husband and wife!

Miss Macaulay (sister of Lord Macaulay) told me that she had been to see George

Macdonald's performance of *Pilgrim's Progress*, and she was quite charmed with it. She said that two ladies sat in front of her to whom the whole story was evidently new. One of them wondered who the author was, and the other one said : " Oh ! don't you know the '*Pilgrim's Progress*' was written by Milton."

Overheard  
at the  
Theatre

They looked and spoke like educated people.  
And this in the Nineteenth Century !



## CHAPTER IX

*Longfellow and Dickens have a long sitting—A Mrs. Malaprop—Ruskin sets Girton girls an imposition—Millais and his practical wife—Christina Rossetti's sleepy lover—Ruskin surrounded by bores—A criticism of sheep.*



## CHAPTER IX

*The students at Girtan College have probably never had such an unexpected imposition set them as that by Ruskin which is recorded here.*

*The conversation of Holman Hunt, the great painter, with the diarist on the subject of Ruskin is indicative of the bitterness and querulousness which began to develop in the later years of the critic's life, due partly to the failure of his plans, to the public attacks on him, and to ill-health.*

At the garden-party given by Miss Jean Ingelow<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Holman Hunt Longfellow and Dickens wore a sage-green dress with a lace have a long "Mother Hubbard," mantle and a sitting curiously shaped bonnet, but the effect was charming. Mrs. Charles and Mrs. Locker came straight from Westminster Abbey, where they had been hearing the little Dean preach. The Palgraves came early, and Mr. P.<sup>2</sup> told me that Sir Farrer Herschell has been a great help to Mr. Gladstone with his Irish Land Bill. There were a good many literary and artistic people at the party, but I could not stay very

<sup>1</sup> The popular Victorian poet and novelist. Her best known poem is "A story of Doom."

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, compiler of the famous anthology, "The Golden Treasury."

long as I was due at Mrs. Moscheles to meet Rubinstein.

I met Mr. Harry Dickens at Mrs. Moscheles (his wife is one of her grand-daughters). He is such a nice fellow and is getting on well at the bar. We were talking about Americans, and he said that numbers of them used to come to Gads Hill to see his father, and that as a rule he enjoyed seeing them very much and most of them were charming.

The poet Longfellow and his two daughters arrived once on a visit to Gads Hill at eleven o'clock at night. After supper the Dickens family were preparing to escort them to their rooms, when they discovered that such was not the intention of their guests. The poet ignored the lateness of the hour and said he would like to have a smoke and talk before he went to bed. They all elected to remain, and so charming was the conversation that the time passed unheeded, and when at length Longfellow said he thought it was about time to retire, they found it was four o'clock in the morning.

A Mrs. Malaprop      A lady whose name I will not mention, but who goes about a great deal in London Society is in the habit of using wrong words to express her meaning; I don't suppose she is aware that she does



it. For instance she said the other day to one of Her Majesty's Ministers :

“ It was terribly rough crossing the Channel, and I was desperately ill. When at last we reached Dover, I felt inclined to fall down on my knees and thank God that my feet were once more on *TERRA COTTA*. ”

Ruskin has made a present of two copies of each of his books to Girton College. A letter of thanks was written to him, and a notice was put up to the effect that the letter was lying in the library and the girls were to sign it. Only thirty-nine out of the seventy-five girls saw the notice, and it was sent with these signatures.

After a few days Ruskin wrote back and said he had received their letter, but it gave him no pleasure as not one of the thirty-nine signatures was well written ; none of them had formed their letters properly. He asked these thirty-nine girls to write out and send him the 31st Chapter of Proverbs and the Beatitudes, signing their names at the end, and he hoped they would try to write their best.

Most of the girls have done it, though I think they felt rather mortified at the adverse criticism of their writings.

John Millais took in Mrs. Holman  
 Millais and his practical wife     Hunt at a dinner given at Kensington Palace by Princess Louise and the Marquess of Lorne. Millais told her that when he went to see his collection of pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery before it was opened to the public he felt in the lowest spirits, and he went home and told his wife he was sure the exhibition would be a failure.

“My wife is such a practical woman, you know,” said he, “she gave me no sort of encouragement, she only said how foolish it was of me to have an exhibition at all: having made my reputation, why should I risk the chance of losing it.”

I think it is rather a misfortune for Millais that none of his family have artistic tastes and take no interest in his work for the work's sake. A man of genius must be all the better for receiving genuine admiration from his nearest and dearest. Millais' exhibition was a great success after all, and I am sure he must have felt gratified with all the praise he received.

Christina Rossetti's sleepy lover     I had a long talk with Holman Hunt the other day about the early days of the Brotherhood. Of the band Collinson is least known to fame. He was afflicted with a disease the

opposite of insomnia : I don't know what the name of it is, he could hardly keep himself awake on any occasion. The Brotherhood used to spend an evening every week at each other's houses and these were very merry evenings.

Collinson went to sleep regularly directly he arrived and had to be waked up when it was time to go. He engaged himself to Christina Rossetti, and his friends hoped that this would wake him up, but it had not the desired effect. He used to appear every evening at the house of his fiancée and suggest a game of chess, but as he used to go to sleep regularly between every move his lady-love found it monotonous, and she finally broke off the engagement.

Holman Hunt went on to speak of Ruskin. He told me, what Miss Ingelow has also mentioned, that in writing to Ruskin you never know how he will take anything you say ; he has a way of seeing hidden meanings in your words that you never intended. Ruskin himself writes all sorts of things which perhaps he means at the precise moment but which in a calmer mood he would never say. It is no use taking notice of anything he says.

Ruskin  
surrounded  
by bores

I naturally asked what sort of things Holman Hunt referred to, and he made answer : " For

instance, Ruskin will say in one of his letters to me: 'My dearest Hunt, you know you can't paint at all.' Of course I ignore such a remark."

He then went on to tell me about a week he once spent in Venice with Ruskin, who, like himself, was there alone. They met unexpectedly on the piazza, and Holman Hunt said to him: "How nice to have you all to myself, what a delightful time we can have together, it will be a real pleasure to have so much of your society."

Ruskin made no sort of answer to this remark at the time, but next day he said, as if he had been pondering over the matter: "Did you really mean what you said yesterday, or did you say it out of compliment?"

"Of course I meant it," said Holman Hunt. "In that case," replied Ruskin solemnly, "if you are so fond of me why don't you come to see me at home. I live in Camberwell and you in Kensington; you surely don't need to come all the way to Venice to see me."

Holman Hunt excused himself by saying that he was so busy always when he was at home. "Yes," said Ruskin, "I know that, but it is not business that keeps you away," and Holman Hunt was obliged to own that he was right;

“ but,” added he, “ if I give you my real reason you won’t like it. The fact is, Ruskin, that when you are at home you are so surrounded by people who bore me to death that I can’t make up my mind to encounter them for the chance of getting at you.”

Instead of being offended Ruskin said it was quite true—that somehow he was no judge of character, and he was conscious that bores did get hold of him.

Mr. Ruskin was one of the guests at the Aclands, and he made himself very agreeable. The conversation turned upon pet animals, and my sister told him of a sea captain who had a pet sheep which followed him about, and finally died of grief because it had to be left behind when he went on a long voyage.

Ruskin seemed interested in the story, but said he had not much admiration for sheep, and he considered them “ villainous animals,” particularly mountain sheep, which do not scruple to jump over fences.

Miss Ingelow and I were having a talk the day after the garden-party, and somehow the conversation veered round to St. Paul’s writings, and she said to me : “ If you had written these Epistles you would not have written as he did.”

“ Oh, no,” I replied, much surprised, “ how could I, for I should not have been inspired? ”

“ I don’t mean that, of course,” said she, “ but surely you would have made some mention of the beauties of the scenery around you when you wrote, and St. Paul never did. I don’t think he can have been a lover of scenery.”

## CHAPTER X

*"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings"—A collection of amusing stories of children.*





## CHAPTER X

*Of the many wonderful things said by children day by day it is surprising that so few are recorded. Many fine books could be compiled from their doings and sayings: they would be volumes to laugh over, to quote from—above all, to wonder at.*

*This kindly diarist had a rare instinct for the young and their ways. Throughout her reminiscences she is always forsaking the seniors to record a tale from the nursery; and the stories here collected need no apology for devoting to them a chapter.*

DR. GEORGE MACDONALD was talking to me about this being such a utilitarian age. Even the children, he said, were affected by it. The other day an acquaintance of his cut off the tip of her finger while she was cutting some bread, on which her little daughter cried out: "Let me have that bit of your finger, mother, to give to my blackbird."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Clayton's little son is not quite three years old. He has for some unknown reason taken a dislike to one of his uncles, so his mother was rather surprised to hear him say: "I'm glad Uncle D. came yesterday."

“ Why are you glad? ” asked his mother.

“ Because,” said the far-seeing infant, “ he is sure not to come to-day.”

“ What a funny little boy you are,” said his mother; on which the child looked up into her face and said: “ What are you, mother? Are you a saint? ”

“ A saint? why no, Jacky,” she replied, solemnly shaking her head, “ there are few saints now. Mother’s not a saint, but a sinner.”

“ Jacky knowed it,” replied that curious infant, grinning from ear to ear, which unexpected corroboration of her catechismal statement sent his mother off into much laughter.

\* \* \* \* \*

A little boy I know said the other day to his mother: “ When Queen Victoria dies shall we have a king to reign over us? ”

“ Certainly we shall.”

“ And after that shall we have a knave? ” said the boy, thinking of the sequence of cards.

I should like to send this remark to *Punch*, only I am afraid du Maurier might call it: “ Like father like son,” and make it the remark of a gambler’s child, whereas cards are not an amusement in vogue in Grosvenor Gardens.

\* \* \* \* \*

There were two little boys at our hotel at Bagnere de Bigorre who were such a contrast. The English boy was a sweet loveable little fellow, and the French boy was not a child at all, but a finished Frenchman of the mature age of four.

He sat opposite to us one evening at the table d'hôte. He partook of every dish, drank his wine like a man, and also poured some over his strawberries like an epicure.

An Irish lady who sat near began to talk to the child, and she said she hoped she would see him again after dinner.

"Alors au Théâtre," replied that dissipated mite. The possibility of spending an evening at home never entered his blasé little head.

\* \* \* \* \*

Last week I went to see a friend who was at school with me in Paris. She is now married and has the funniest children; they are so very original. One of their curious amusements consists in writing epitaphs. In their garden there is quite a row of little graves with head-stones made in cardboard: some are crosses and some are slabs.

These are not the last resting places of dead favourites as you might naturally suppose. Not

at all; they represent the graves of celebrated characters. As they are strong Conservatives, Lord Beaconsfield has the longest epitaph, and on the anniversary of the day on which he died they decked the grave with flowers. The children could not wait till he really did die, for he was so long about it, that the grave was made and the epitaph put up a week before he passed away.

After having thus put up a monument to a man while he was yet alive it opened such a wide field that they were quite pleased, and thought it would be a nice thing to begin by writing their own epitaphs. They searched their Bibles to find appropriate texts, and this occupied them pleasantly for a whole afternoon. After a long search the elder one gave it up in despair: she could find nothing she liked.

“I’ve a lovely one,” said Ruth (aged eight); “mine is the very thing: ‘In three days I shall rise again.’”

She evidently thought by that time she would have had enough of the tomb.

\* \* \* \* \*

The little nephew of a friend of ours had been sitting very quietly at prayers: the passage read was the directions about the burnt offerings.

After it was over he was sitting on his mother’s

knee in front of the fire, and he said : “ If I fell into the fire and got killed, mother, should I be a burnt offering? ”

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Rhoda Broughton, the novelist, lives in Oxford, and she is supposed to take her characters from real life, so when a new novel of hers appears people ask each other eagerly : “ Who is it that is taken off this time? ”

I met her at Mrs. Ritchie's the other day. She says she can't endure children, and she really means it. Hester and Willie Ritchie have naturally taken a great dislike to her. Once while she was sitting at the table Willie disappeared under it, and Hester stood quite innocently looking into the fire. Suddenly Miss Broughton gave a shriek and jumped up, calling out : “ You have pinched my leg, you naughty boy,” which that young person certainly had done, wishing to pay her out, I presume, for saying she disliked children.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

A boy of three years of age went to have tea with some children a short time since, and when he came home his father said to him : “ Have you enjoyed yourself, Dickie? ”

“ Yes, I did, father,” replied that infant ; and then he added in a tone of self-congratulation, “ And I did not knock them all down.”

This speech horrified the father, who had looked upon his son as a model of good behaviour. On enquiry he heard that the first time Dickie had “ gone into society ” he had looked upon all children smaller than himself in the light of ninepins, and had tumbled them over one after another, thinking no harm of the performance.

\* \* \* \* \*

A School Inspector told me that among many curious answers he had received from children were the following ones. He was questioning the children on the parable of the Good Samaritan and the man who fell among the thieves, and he asked : “ Why did the Priest and the Levite pass by on the other side ? ”

“ Because,” promptly replied an eager boy, “ the man had been robbed already, no more to be got out of him, you see.”

Another time a recitation contained the following line :

“ On her each Courtier’s eye was bent.”

So he asked, “ What is a Courtier ? ” Whereupon a little girl replied with a pretty blush and

some confusion : “ Please, sir, a man that has a lass.”

\* \* \* \* \*

A friend of ours took his small boy to Eton for the first time and the child was very proud of his new clothes, so his father said to him : “ Now, my boy, remember it is not the clothes that make the gentleman.”

The boy’s answer was unexpected, for he said : “ Oh, yes, father, I know it is not the CLOTHES, it is the HAT.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The other Sunday a lady was singing hymns to her two girls, when she observed one of them, Olive, dancing slowly and solemnly by herself in the middle of the room. She asked her what she was doing, and received the reply : “ Well, mother, I can’t sing before the Lord as you are doing, but I can dance before Him like King David did.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Some few Sundays ago two small children were being told by their mother the story of Abraham. When she got to the part about the birth of Isaac and the flight of Hagar into the wilderness with Ishmael, the little girl inter-

rupted the narrative with the question : “ But was it not very wicked of Abraham to have more than one wife? ”

While the mother was hesitating how to explain matters to their young minds, the boy said : “ Oh, Conny, the other one was not a wife at all, it was a PORCUPINE.”

And so the matter was settled to the satisfaction of all parties.



## CHAPTER XI

*Delane reads what was not intended for him—How  
"The Times" found its young men—Dinner-table  
pitfalls—Fanny Kemble to the rescue—No sweep-  
stakes for the Bishop's guests!—Dr. Samuel Smiles  
—A story of "Bobby" Lowe.*



## CHAPTER XI

*One of the most entertaining reminiscences recorded by the diarist and given in this chapter tells how the great editor of "The Times," John Delane, accidentally read an unflattering description of himself by Howard Russell, his famous war-correspondent, who achieved such brilliant success in the Crimea and in India. Delane was followed in the editorship of "The Times" by Chenery, formerly the paper's correspondent in Constantinople, whose finding of George Buckle, the next editor, is also narrated. The entry relating to the latter's marriage to the daughter of James Payn, a now almost forgotten Victorian novelist, recalls an instance of Wilde's deadly criticism: "Mr. James Payn is an adept in the art of concealing what is not worth finding. He hunts down the obvious with the enthusiasm of a short-sighted detective. As one turns over the pages, the suspense of the author becomes almost unbearable."*

SOME years ago *The Times* was always abusing Lord Hartington.<sup>1</sup> Delane reads what was not intended for him. It did not matter what he said or did, or did not say or do, he was always him in the wrong, and this was while *The Times* was supposed to be a Liberal paper.

Mr. Goschen told me he once asked Lord Hartington what he had done to offend Delane, observing that it must be personal feeling on the part of the Editor that prevented Lord Hartington ever getting a good word in that paper.

<sup>1</sup> Spencer Compton Cavendish, 9th Duke of Devonshire.

Lord Hartington replied that he had never offended him as far as he knew, but after ransacking his brain for some time he recalled the following story, which I give, as nearly as possible in his own words :

“ The only thing I can think of is this : Some years ago, Delane, W. H. Russell (*The Times* correspondent), one other gentleman and myself were all in the same railway-carriage going down into Yorkshire to pay a visit. We began talking about the Crimean War and some dispute arose as to the exact date of one of the battles.

“ Mr. Russell said : ‘ I can easily tell you the date, for I have my diary with me.’ He found the place, but as it was getting dark and his eyesight was not very good, Mr. Delane took the note-book from him to read the date. He had no sooner set eyes on it, than he grew very red, and shaking his fist at Mr. Russell said : ‘ You infernal scoundrel.’

“ ‘ What is the matter ? ’ asked Mr. Russell. The gentleman next to Mr. Delane looked at the diary and read aloud the offending passage : ‘ Feb. 22nd ’ (or whatever the date was) ‘ I received this day a long letter from Delane full of news about London and its people, but he is such a fearful liar, that I don’t know whether to believe a word of it or not.’

“ On hearing this they all went into fits of laughter and never ceased to be amused with the joke till they reached their destination. We chaffed Mr. Delane unmercifully,” continued Lord Hartington, “ and I suppose he can’t forgive my having been so much amused at his expense, but I was no worse than all the rest of the party, therefore I don’t see why he should visit his wrath so much on me.”

I went on Thursday to the marriage of Alice Payn to Mr. George Buckle, the Editor of *The Times*. He is only twenty-nine and does not look his age. He has a bright, pleasant, clever face and a quantity of light brown hair, and is about six feet three in height. A few years ago Mr. Chenery, the Editor of *The Times*, wrote to one of the heads of the Colleges in Oxford and asked if he knew a young man who was clever all round and would make a good sub-editor. Mr. Buckle was recommended for the post and he was made second sub-editor. When Mr. Chenery died quite unexpectedly a few years afterwards the gentleman next under him declined to take the responsibility of the Editorship, so it fell to Mr. Buckle. It is a wonderful position for so young a man.

How “*The Times*”  
found its  
young men

The church was very full. I sat with Mrs.

Leslie Stephen and in a line with us sat the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Yates Thompson. Beyond us were the Du Mauriers and Henry James, Junior. Henry James is a very English-looking man for an American and has little or no accent. In fact Americans are rather angry with him, because he is so very English in his tastes, and they declare he does not make his American characters nice enough, the nicest people being always English. Mr. Anstey (his real name is Guthrie), author of *Vice Versa*, was there. He is a very small man with dark hair and wears spectacles. He really looked so like many of the other young men who were there, that when we got to the house I was never sure WHICH of the young men he was.

When we came from the church Mr. Payn received us at the drawing-room door and his wife was just inside the room. I heard one gentleman when he was announced say: "I congratulate you, Mr. Payn, on this auspicious event." "I hope there will be five other auspicious events," said Mr. Payn.

At a dinner which I attended a  
 Dinner- Mr. Alger, an American, took Miss  
 Table Ingelow in, and I sat up at her end  
 Pitfalls of the table. Mr. Alger is, I believe  
 a poet, but he gave no clue to his literary per-

formances, so I only judge from inference. He told us that when Miss Ingelow's first book of poems appeared, Ralph Waldo Emerson brought it to him and said : " Who is this sweet singer?"

The conversation was general at our end of the table, which is always more amusing. Mr. Alger's language was rather high flown, which, however, may be the fashion among the American poets. He informed us that " The present is an age of mediocrity, there is so much jealousy that there is no opportunity for great men to rise; to my mind the best and greatest man in each Kingdom should be its ruler." So you see Mr. Alger has not got his ideal government, even in his native land. He then remarked that the *Spectator* was much read in America, but they did not think much of the *Athenaeum*.

" Don't say anything against the *Athenaeum*, please," said Miss Ingelow, " for Mr. Theodore Watts is at the table and he writes in it a great deal."

Soon afterwards my neighbour, a Mr. Young, observed : " I read my *Times* faithfully but I never think of reading the leading articles," and he was warned in a whisper : " Take care what you say, one of your neighbours writes most of them, and he will hear your remarks."

So after that we had, like Agag of old, to

“ walk delicately ” for fear of treading on somebody’s moral toes.

Here is another of Mr. Alger’s comments : “ John Bright might walk the length and breadth of America on men’s shoulders,” which being interpreted means he is greatly admired.

Fanny                    Mrs. Fanny Kemble related how  
Kemble                she had been to call upon a friend  
to the                    and while she was there a girl came  
Rescue                   in from the South Kensington  
Museum School of Art. The girl asked : “ Do  
you think it is any use my going on day after  
day trying to draw when I have no special talent  
for it. I think I might employ my time better.”

The lady made answer, “ My dear girl, don’t look at things from such a narrow point of view. Consider this earth of ours : it seems to us so great, but after all it is but a speck in the vast immensity of space : you yourself are but a passing atom,” and so on for several minutes in the same lofty strain.

The poor girl looked crushed and bewildered at this very unexpected flow of eloquence. It really seemed no special comfort to her to look upon herself as a mere passing atom. When the lady paused for breath Mrs. Kemble came to the rescue and said : “ My dear girl, cultivate what ever talents you have had given to you, and make



the most of them : don't trouble your head about the vast immensities."

The girl gave Mrs. Kemble a grateful look and the friend took the remark in good part and changed the subject.

The Bishop of Durham, Dr. Lightfoot, when his Palace was full of guests was accustomed to give them the choice of which place in the neighbourhood they would like to visit the next day. Each guest was given a piece of paper and asked to write the name of some show-place that he mentioned, and when they had done this he went round with a hat and collected the papers.

No sweep-  
stakes for  
the Bishop's  
Guest!

One of the guests, who was rather deaf, had not caught the Bishop's question, so when he came to her with the hat she had written nothing. It was the time of the St. Leger races and she thought the proceeding had something to do with that, so she said in a reproachful tone : " No, my lord, it is quite against my principles ; I NEVER make a bet, and not even at YOUR request would I put in for a sweepstake."

Her heroic resolve was greeted with much laughter, as you may imagine, and the poor lady has never heard the last of it.

Dr. Smiles, the author of *Self Help* and so

**Dr. Samuel Smiles** many well-known books, sat between Lucy Walford and me at dinner yesterday, and we found him such a bright, pleasant companion—he quite fascinated us both. I could not help smiling at the many “flatteries” that they made to each other. I heard the old man tell Lucy that he had read ALL her books, but I did not quite catch the answering compliment.

Dr. Smiles is so full of enthusiasm it is pleasant to hear him talk. He had a bad illness a few years ago, and now he says he has only the use of half his brain, but for all that he writes better with only half his brain than many people do who have the use of the whole of theirs.

**A story of “Bobby” Lowe** One of the interesting stories told in the course of the dinner was about Lord Sherbrook (Bob Lowe that was). He is rather an abrupt rough man, and his late wife was a decidedly stupid woman. One day they were at a small dinner party where the conversation was general. He began talking about the Marriage Service and remarked that it was absurd for a man to say: “With all my worldly goods I thee endow” when he had none. “For instance when I married I had not a shilling with which to endow my wife.”

“ But you had your brains, Bob,” said his wife from across the table.

“ But nobody, my dear, could say that I endowed YOU WITH THOSE,” he retorted.



## CHAPTER XII

*Madame de Novikoff, the friend of Gladstone—The G.O.M.'s versatility—Mystery of the death of the Russian Emperor—Secrets of Siberia—Gladstone on clever children—Oxford witticisms—A Cabinet Minister's Faith.*



## CHAPTER XII

*The writer of these reminiscences recounts an interesting meeting with Madame Olga de Novikoff, the friend of Gladstone. At one time she enjoyed the reputation of a diplomatic personage and her comings and goings between London and St. Petersburg were matters of mystery and suspicion. A diligent publicist and champion of the Slavonic races, she is credited with having inspired Mr. Gladstone in his great fight for the Balkan peoples at the time of the Russo-Turkish war. To what extent the great statesman had confidence in her may be gauged by an extract from a letter he wrote her in 1878: ". . . That unhappy subject of Bessarabia [which Russia was endeavouring to secure from Turkey] on which I have given you my mind with great freedom. . . ."*

*The diarist's "particulars" about the death of Emperor Nicholas of Russia in 1855, in which it is alleged that he poisoned himself with the connivance of his doctor, suggests a mystery. The Emperor's death was generally attributed to broken spirits due to his failure in the Crimea. Several works of reference support this view as against the explanation given here, though others do not mention the cause.*

I went with Mrs. Ritchie to call on  
 Madame de Novikoff, who comes to **Mme. de**  
 England every year for some weeks, **Novikoff,**  
 and is a great friend of Mr. Glad- **the Friend**  
 stone. People say that his views on the **of Gladstone**  
 Russian question are imbibed from her, and some  
 think she is a spy.

She is short and stout, nothing particular in the way of complexion : dark hair parted on one side, her eyes are very bright, but the least beautiful of her features. Taking her want of good looks into consideration, the wonder is that she fascinates men so much. All the same there is to me a wonderful charm about her. If I had possessed a political secret that she wanted to get out of me I felt I should have little power to resist her wiles. She did not mention politics to us, but spoke mostly of the literary people of her acquaintance.

Swinburne was mentioned, and Madame de Novikoff said she had a letter of introduction to him, which she had sent; but the poet had neither called nor written, at which she seemed annoyed. Mrs. Ritchie remarked : " You must not expect Mr. Swinburne to behave like ordinary mortals. I don't look upon him as a human being ; he is more like a sort of imprisoned spirit who is passing through this world."

" He has no moral backbone, I suppose you mean," said the Russian lady. " Well, perhaps he has not."

" Have you seen Mr. Turganief lately? " asked Mrs. Ritchie.

Madame de Novikoff laughed and said : " I see the connection of your ideas : you think the



Russian novelist has no moral backbone either.” She objected to Turganief, she added, because he had become so very French. “He even goes the length of writing his books in that language, and gets them translated into his native tongue.”

Dr. Fraser tells me that he was at a gentlemen’s dinner-party at which Mr. Gladstone was present. Sir Fitzroy Kelly began talking about some lawyer, and this set Gladstone upon legal subjects, and he entered into all sorts of details about the celebrated lawyers he had known “just as if he were in the profession himself,” said Sir F. Kelly.

The  
G.O.M.’s  
versatility

Then Mr. Herbert, the artist, began to talk about pictures, and Gladstone discoursed on art as if that had been his line of life. Afterwards they began to talk of trees, and the Premier told about the different trees that grew in all the capitals of Europe, and what soil was best for certain trees, just as if he had been Sir Joseph Hooker or a market gardener.

Some weeks ago Mr. Gladstone read the lessons at a little country church five miles from Dorking, which is not more than twenty-five miles from London. When they came out of church Mrs. Gladstone said to one of the villagers: “Did you hear the lessons read to-

day? ” “ Yes, mum, I did,” the man replied. “ And do you know who it was that read them?” continued Mrs. Gladstone. “ No, I don’t,” he answered. “ The gentleman who read the lessons was MR. GLADSTONE,” said she.

“ AND WHO BE HE? ” asked the man, to the great disgust of Gladstone’s wife, but to the amusement of her hostess, who had heard the conversation.

A certain Scotch divine, the other day, after reading from the pulpit a passage of Scripture said : “ My brethren this is a very difficult passage to understand. Commentators differ much as to its exact meaning, therefore I say to you, my friends, let us look the difficulty boldly in the face—and pass on to the next passage.”

What a pity it is that all political difficulties cannot be treated in the same summary fashion. I dare say Mr. Gladstone would be well content to “ Pass on ” from the Irish troubles if only he could do so.

**Mystery of the death of the Russian Emperor** I am hearing some particulars about the death of the Emperor Nicholas. When the news of the fall of Sebastopol came, the Emperor was in bed with a cold. He was so unprepared for defeat, and felt his pride so crushed that he sent for his doctor and asked him

to mix a poison that would kill a person with very little pain in four days. At first Dr. Marx refused to accede to this request, but an autocrat's word is law, and so the deed was done.

The Emperor took the poison. The third day afterwards his daughter, who was nursing him, suspecting that something was wrong, asked to see the medicine, and learned that the doctor brought it himself.

Towards evening, when she saw that her father was sinking, she opened all the doors and screamed out : " The Emperor is poisoned, send for Dr. Marx." The doctor came and told his story, which the Emperor did not deny. " He can't live over to-night," said the doctor, and so it was. The Emperor died in a few hours, and the doctor went to his own room and cut his throat.

The author of the book *Through Siberia* is a clergyman, and he came to see us before his Russian tour. We met him again at a friend's house on his return. The old lady, who had lived a great deal in Russia, told me that she did not agree with several of his statements. She said she was quite sure that the Russian Government, knowing that he was going to write a book about his experiences, took great care what he should and what

Secrets  
of  
Siberia

he should not see, and that is why his pictures of Siberia are so very favourable.

My old friend related that a gentleman in St. Petersburg formed a literary society and the members used to meet and talk over the books they had read between the meetings. One evening this gentleman remarked that there was a sort of likeness to some animal in most people's faces, and as he was a capital caricaturist he began drawing the faces of the people present, transforming them into animals. Unfortunately for him he was led on to draw public characters.

"The Minister for War has a face just like a bear," said he, and he drew him thus, and he did the same with some other Ministers.

When the company had dispersed, the artist remarked to a friend who was staying with him that he was sorry he had caricatured the Ministers, as harm might come of it. He had noticed that one of the members who had recently joined the society never smiled at the caricatures, and looked at him in an unpleasant manner. The friend tried to re-assure him, and after a while they went to bed.

At midnight a company of soldiers arrived and knocked at the door. The artist had taken the precaution to burn all the caricatures before going to bed, thinking that the house might be

searched. This, however, the soldiers did not trouble to do; they simply ordered the gentleman and his friend to come with them, and in a day or two they were both sent off to Siberia. They were soon separated, and the caricaturist was moved from prison to prison; he never even knew where he was, and he was never able to communicate with his friends.

At last, after five years, he contrived to get a note conveyed to one of his relations, and soon after that he was released from prison. He never recovered from the hardships he had been subjected to, and soon afterwards died.

My friend told me that many of her acquaintances had disappeared at different times, and nobody knew what had become of them.

Mr. Gladstone, while entertaining some guests at dinner the other day, began talking about Dr. John Brown and his writings, especially about *Pet Marjorie*. He said he had only known three remarkably clever children. One of these was taken to the theatre when she was only about six years old, to see the play of *Macbeth* (is not it a wonder that anybody should take such a baby to see that tragedy?) When they got home the child said: "That is not my idea of *Lady Macbeth*." "What is your idea, then?" asked

Gladstone  
on clever  
children

her astonished mother, on which the infant prodigy began to pace the room, and act the part. She did it so well that a night or two afterwards her mother asked a few friends to come and see the child act. She got so very much excited, poor wee thing, that her acting had to be stopped. But her active brain soon proved too much for her weak little body, and she went early to rest.

Another little girl whom Mr. Gladstone knew got into the way, for some inscrutable reason, of always speaking of herself in the third person, and, moreover, of speaking of herself as " he " and " him." One day when she was about four years old her grandmother began to scold her for some fault, on which she said : " Don't scold him too much, granny, or you may harden his heart, and make him wicked, and he may take to stealing." She also passed away early.

At present Mr. Gladstone is watching with interest Lady S.'s little girl, who displays a remarkable talent for drawing. At four years of age she made a clever sketch of a cat jumping over some railings. She is now six, and her drawings have grown larger and larger, until at present no paper big enough can be found—so she draws cartoons on the walls!

At a Common Room dinner party at Oxford

the cook wrote on the bill of fare  
 “Reforme Cutlets.” The error Oxford  
witticisms  
 caused great amusement. “Oh, the  
 man is right,” cried Mansel, who was a great  
 Tory; “reform generally ends in e mute.”

When denouncing Mr. Gladstone for robbing  
 the Irish Church, Mr. Mansel was pulled up by  
 the assurance that the Premier was acting from  
 conviction. Said the Dean: “Conviction gener-  
 ally follows robbery; in this case robbery follows  
 conviction.”

When it was proposed to make a Doctor of  
 Divinity earn his degree by writing two theo-  
 logical dissertations, Mansel wrote these lines:

“The degree of D.D.  
 ’Tis proposed to convey  
 To an A double S  
 By a double essay.”

The gownsmen wanted a handsomer gown,  
 and the University authorities were considering  
 the matter. Mansel produced the following  
 couplet:

“Our Gownsmen complain ugly garments oppress them;  
 We feel for their wrongs and propose to RE-DRESS  
 them.”

A Freshman came to Oxford bearing the name  
 of “Field-flowers.” “Why,” said the Profes-

sor of Ecclesiastical History, " he deserves to be ploughed for the first half of his name, and to be plucked for the second."

Lady Archibald told me she had been to a lecture by a Mr. Grantham about the Anti-Christ, which he believed to be the Papal Hierarchy. As she left the lecture room a lady, whom she knew, said to her : " I can't say I agree with the lecturer in his theory about the Anti-Christ ; perhaps you will think me very wicked, but I believe Mr. Gladstone is Anti-Christ."

As Lady Archibald is a strong Liberal she naturally objected to this theory, on which the lady said : " Well, if it is not Mr. Gladstone, it is Mr. Booth of the Salvation Army."

A few years ago when the Con-  
**A Cabinet**      servatives were having an anxious  
**Minister's**      time of it and held frequent Cabinet  
**Faith**              Councils, one of the Ministers re-  
 marked : " I wonder why it is that Lord Cairns  
 always looks so calm and unruffled ; he is, I am  
 sure, as much worried as the rest of us about  
 public affairs, and yet you would not think so to  
 look at him."

Lord Cairns came in at that moment and the Minister asked how it was that he always contrived to look so calm. His reply was : " Every



morning I take my cares and troubles to my Heavenly Father, and ask His help and counsel and guidance, and so why should I worry myself? ”



## CHAPTER XIII

*Theodore Hook's old joke repeated—Unexpected generosity of a rioter—The Aristocracy enters business—On forging the links between rich and poor—The Duke of Cambridge indignant—Hard to please—A new fireside game—False doctoring.*



## CHAPTER XIII

*The practical joke described in the first of the following entries was one of a series played in imitation of Theodore Hook's great Berners Street hoax of 1809. It seems to have been successful, although it was not on such huge lines as its foolish originator. A thousand letters, to all classes of people and on all manner of pretences, were sent by Hook and his confederates, inviting the recipients to call on a certain day at the house of a Mrs. Tottenham, a lady of property, at 54, Berners Street. There are other versions of the plot up to this point, but all are in agreement as to the result, which was that at the hour and on the day appointed Berners Street and all the approaches thereto were thronged with tradesmen loaded with their wares, doctors, lawyers, M.P.'s, even to Royalty in the person of the Duke of York. The damage done was considerable and the hue and cry for the perpetrator, long and loud. He was in a lodging house opposite No. 54 watching events. In his own circles Hook was suspected, but, as in the case here recorded, the joker escaped punishment.*

*The rioting referred to by the diarist occurred in the early days of Gladstone's third Ministry after a meeting of unemployed in Trafalgar Square. The two entries which follow reflect the typical Victorian view of the social changes which were developing.*

MR. RALSTON is in very low spirits,  
and I am sure I do not wonder at it.  
The reason is as follows. A lady,  
having a grudge against an acquaintance  
of hers and wishing to annoy him, hit on the

Theodore  
Hook's  
old joke  
repeated

expedient of repeating Theodore Hook's old practical joke.

She put an advertisement into the newspapers which caused some two hundred and fifty governesses to call at his house in one day to apply for situations. She also caused over one hundred organ grinders to appear, and endless tradespeople to call for orders.

The gentleman on whom the joke was played was furious, as was only natural, and he determined to prosecute the lady, and he asked Mr. Ralston to conduct the case. In an evil moment he agreed to do so. Will you believe it, they found they were unable to punish the lady, by reason of there being no law that dealt with that exact offence. It was not an assault, and they did not know what to call it; so the lady came off triumphant. Her wrath is now turned upon Mr. Ralston, and she says she will make his life a burden to him, and he is waiting in some anxiety to know how she is going to proceed; so now he feels as if he were sitting on a volcano.

**Unexpected  
generosity  
of a rioter**      I went yesterday to the House of  
Lords to witness the ceremony of the  
new Lord Chancellor (Sir Farrer  
Herschell<sup>1</sup>) taking his seat on The

<sup>1</sup> Father of the present Baron Herschell, G.C.V.O. conferred 1919.

Woolsack and being made a Peer. After the ceremony we, my brother, his wife, and I, were fortunately delayed, for otherwise we should have driven into St. James' Street at the very moment that the rioters entered it. People who were in the street at the time got hustled and frightened, and some ladies were pulled out of their carriages by the mob.

The rioters had turned the corner, and were continuing their work of destruction in Piccadilly before we entered St. James' Street. We saw all the windows broken, and we could not think what had happened. As we passed Buckingham Palace on our way back to Grosvenor Gardens, we saw about fifty policemen drawn up waiting apparently for orders. It turned out that they were sent to the Mall to help the quelling of the mob, and by some mistake they did not go to Pall Mall as was intended, and so they were of no use at all. We are so unused to this sort of thing in London that people were taken by surprise.

Here is a funny story of the riots. A lady was driving in her brougham on that eventful day, when the carriage was stopped by the mob, who demanded her money. "I have nothing with me, indeed, indeed I have nothing," said the lady in piteous accents.

"Oh, haven't you," called out a man in the

crowd. "Then we'll give you something," whereupon he put a neat little carriage clock upon the seat in front of her, which doubtless he had just looted from a shop. The mob then made way and she drove on. She keeps the clock on the drawing-room chimney-piece to remind her of her adventure.

**The  
Aristocracy  
enters  
business**      A few months ago Lady Granville Gordon, who is sister-in-law to the Marquess of Huntly, set herself up in business as a milliner. It happened thus. The Gordons are poor—there were twelve children besides the Marquess, so that is no wonder—and equally, of course, they are fashionable, and like to live as the other members of the aristocracy do. This is impossible without a good income.

One day Lord Granville Gordon saw his wife making herself a bonnet, and he remarked how well she did it, adding that he was sure she could make a fortune in that line if only she could open a shop. She answered that if he had no objection she would open a shop and make the fortune they were in need of. He thought she was joking, and said he was sure he did not mind.

She looked out for a suitable situation, and found a tiny shop to let in Park Street. While the place was being furnished up a little, she



made a dozen bonnets, and when all was ready she had the sign " Madame Liere " put up over the shop, and all was ready. She told her friends of this bold venture, and they began to rally round her. It reached the ears of Royalty, and one day the Princess of Wales came and ordered seven bonnets and gave Lady Granville Gordon leave to put the Royal arms up over her door, which was done; and now she is making money very fast.

She and her maid are all day in the shop from ten till six, and then they go home, and my lady dresses and goes to parties with her husband just as she did before she became a shopkeeper.

Is not this a revolutionary age? What would such a proceeding have been thought of fifty years ago?

A clergyman in Whitechapel has started a series of dinner-parties for artisans and their wives. Fifty people in all are invited, and, thanks to the persuasions of the organiser, every sixth person is a lady or gentleman. I enquired what sort of dinners they gave them, and was told they included several courses, and that they were just like ordinary dinner-parties. After dinner the guests go into a smaller room, where they have coffee and music.

On forging  
the links  
between  
rich & poor

## 150 ECHOES OF THE 'EIGHTIES

I could not help wondering whether these people would not have preferred a good piece of beef to so many other things, and to be allowed to eat, and eat, till it was all done. I also wonder whether the higher class people go to more than one of the dinners, and what the artisans really think about it.

A clergyman said the other day, speaking of these dinners : “ There will be a great upheaving of society before long, and so the more links one can forge between the rich and the poor before that time comes, the better for the rich.” That struck me as being rather a selfish way of looking at the movement. My impression of the London poor is that they take what you do for them pretty much as their right, and are not so full of gratitude as people suppose.

A gentleman went to call on the Duke of Cambridge the other day, and he saw a pile of *Pall Mall* *Gazettes* on the table : the Duke himself was in a far from equable frame of mind. His Royal Highness said : “ We live in terribly degenerate days ; nothing is safe ; they want to abolish everything. Why, sir, will you believe it, they even talk of ABOLISHING ME.”

Sir Edmund Beckett<sup>1</sup> went to stay in a

<sup>1</sup> Sir Edmund Beckett, first Baron Grimthorpe.

country house a short time since, and his host said, after he had left, that he never had such an uncomfortable guest : nothing pleased him.

Hard to  
please

His host had a passion for trees and plants, so, of course, he took his guest to see his plantations. " I can't bear trees," said Sir Edmund, " they make a place damp and uncomfortable."

This being his opinion, he was taken back to the house, where was a collection of rare china. Sir Edmund remarked when he saw it : " I cannot think how people can lumber up their houses with this kind of stuff ; it is no good, and can give nobody pleasure." His host was rather put out at this remark, as his china is one of his most valued possessions.

They next went into the drawing-room to have some tea, and there was the host's little grandchild who came running up to him. He told her to go and shake hands with Sir Edmund, who remarked as he did so : " I suppose it will soon be time for you to go to bed ; little girls should not sit up late." Of course, the child took a " scunner " at him, as the Scotch say, and resented his suggestion.

Finally the daughter of the house came in and was introduced. " My daughter is very fond of music ; I dare say she will sing to you this even-

ing," said her father. "I cannot bear music," was the ungracious reply.

I should think Sir Edmund's liver must have been out of order that day, to make him so very "crooked." I hear, however, that on most occasions he prefers to differ from other people, but it is not generally in such small matters.

A new  
fireside  
game

Mr. Romanes explained to me the other night at the Pollocks' a new game they are rather fond of playing.

A paragraph of about twenty lines containing a good many facts is selected out of a newspaper. One person stands in the centre of the room with a watch and allows the first person ten seconds in which to read the paragraph to himself or herself as the case may be. Then the paper is passed on to the next person, who also reads it in the same amount of time. Meanwhile, the first reader is busy writing down all he remembers of the paragraph—not the words, but the facts. When the paragraph has been passed to everyone, and all have finished writing, the papers are read aloud, and it is quite surprising how different they are, some containing correct facts, and others very strange ones.

The game might be made better still with variations. I suggested that the paragraph should be read aloud so as to give everyone an equal chance.

A clergyman told me he went to see a poor woman, and he asked after her brother who had been very ill. The **False**  
old woman said : “ He is dead, sir ; we **Doctoring**  
sent for the doctor, but he did him no good ; he was worse after he saw him. But, bless you, sir, we hears of false doctoring in the Church, so it’s no wonder if there is false doctoring out of it.”



## CHAPTER XIV

*Why G. F. Watts refused a title—Grosvenor Gallery dresses—A patron of Art—How to save the doctor's bills—Sir Frederick Leighton hears about a rejected picture—A criticism of critics.*





## CHAPTER XIV

*There is a "Greenery-gallery, Grosvenor-Gallery" suggestion in the diarist's descriptions of visits to the exhibitions to which this chapter is mainly devoted. They are amusing if only by contrast: some of the "lions" of our modern impressionistic school might have made masterpieces out of such scenes as that in which that "Patron of Art," the tombstone manufacturer, is depicted in a bath-chair (amidst a reverent circle) gazing in rapture at a bust of Her Most Gracious Majesty.*

Why  
G. F. Watts refused  
a title

I HAVE seen the letter from G. F. Watts giving his reasons for declining the offer of a baronetcy. Millais was also offered the honour and has accepted. Watts said he appreciated the kind thought, but at the same time he felt that he could not take a reward for his work, as he was deeply conscious how little he really achieved what he aimed at. Another reason he gave was that he is not rich, and he did not want to work any more for money, but to devote the rest of his life to some pictures he wishes to paint to present to the nation. Thus he could not afford to take up the title.

Watts is a splendid man and a great painter,

and I hope he will live to finish the work he has planned out. But he is in very delicate health just at present.

I went to the Private View at the Grosvenor Gallery, and was very interested as the pictures were almost all by Watts. Mr. Gladstone was observed to stand for some time in front of his likeness, contemplating his lost youth, I presume, and taking a retrospect of the past.

There was the usual sprinkling of public characters. The dresses were not so very remarkable, except one worn by May Morris, daughter of *The Earthly Paradise*,<sup>1</sup> and she was dressed like the pictures of Raphael. The dark red velvet cap suited her style of beauty, and she was the observed of all observers, and it was pleasant to look at her.

Mrs. Pfeiffer was there in an elegant Greek dress, and her husband hovered about the corner of the room where hung a beautiful bunch of lilies she has painted. There was a picture of the Duke of Argyle painted when the Duke was young, with a very white face and very red hair. Just round the corner in the next room was a picture of the poet Algernon Swinburne, in the

<sup>1</sup> The diarist refers, of course, to William Morris, the artist and printer.

same attitude, also with a very white face and very red hair. A gentleman standing in front of it suddenly exclaimed, as if a brilliant idea had struck him : “ Why here is a picture of the Duke of Argyle with a devil in him.”

Mr. Ralston (who was threatened by the imitator of Theodore Hook) was there, looking rather pensive and melancholy. He is still sitting metaphorically on the powder magazine, but the lady has not yet lighted the match, and he wonders when she will do it and what sort of an explosion there will be. For my part, I think it was only an idle threat, but all the same, he seems to be in a state of suspense.

I went with the Walfords to the  
Private View of the Royal Academy.

A patron  
of Art

The first person we saw as we entered was Corney Grain. Lucy Walford objected to him on the ground that he was too tall and too broad, and came between her and the pictures (not that she looked very much at the pictures). He had this peculiarity that he seemed in every corner of the room at once—not in the first room only, but in each successive room there he was as large as life.

One gentleman sat in state in a Bath chair, which was drawn up in front of the bust of Her Most Gracious Majesty, at which he gazed in

enraptured admiration. He had on a white waistcoat, with a yellow rose in his button-hole. He had many acquaintances round him, and was holding quite a levee.

“Who can that be?” said Lucy. “Do you think he is a great artist or sculptor?” I thought he was neither, so we appealed to Mr. Blackwood, who told us he was the owner of some granite works near Aberdeen. He is a great patron of art, and has a picture gallery of his own, though, to be sure, his own work is mostly in the shape of tombstones and pedestals!

How to  
save the  
doctor's  
bills

Mr. Pfeiffer said, in answer to a question about his health: “I keep myself well in this way. I get up at 5.30 a.m., and I take a hot bath, hot enough to boil a lobster in. I then take a cold bath; after which I open my window and take an air bath. Then I feel ready for anything, and if everybody would follow my example there would be fewer doctors' bills to pay.” I thought this very possible—but I thought also there would be more undertakers' bills.

We had a little chat with Mrs. Leslie Stephen. She looked very beautiful in what appeared to be an Indian table cover, which however she wore as a shawl. Miss Hogarth was there with a pleasant word for everybody, and Kate Dickens that was,

and her husband, Mr. Perugini, were with her. Kate paints now a good deal, and I am not sure that I don't like her pictures as well, or even better, than her husband's.

Mr. Pfeiffer began inveighing against the worship of the aristocracy which prevails in England, and is even permeating the upper classes in America. He said: "Lowell is quite bitten with it, but as yet Phelps has not shown any sign of it. This it is which is the cause of all the hard times."

I did not see exactly how this was the case, but I held my peace. I don't generally differ from Mr. Pfeiffer, as he does not care to argue. He ended up with: "All artists paint for money except Holman Hunt and Watts. These two only paint for fame."

The mention of artists was, I knew, leading up to Mrs. P.'s rejected picture, which he showed me. It is really a beautiful work. A cluster of roses against a wall, with a long vista of blue distance and some shadowy hills. I was greatly astonished at its rejection, for her pictures have often been exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery, and always well hung.

Watts, to whom the picture had been shown, had persuaded Mr. Pfeiffer to send it to the

Academy, as he said it was such a charming picture it would be wrong not to enable a larger number of the public to see it.

“I sent it, *and it was returned*,” said Mr. Pfeiffer in a voice of emotion. “I wrote Fred Leighton such a letter. I think Leighton was rather ashamed of himself, for he wrote me two letters about it, one of them was eight pages long, and the other was four.”

It really did seem to me remarkable that this picture should be rejected, both for its own merit and from the fact that Sir Frederick Leighton is a friend of the Pfeiffer's. I suggested the only solution that occurred to me, which was that by some mischance the President had never seen it, for had he done so he could not possibly have rejected it, and of course he could not own that such was the case. This suggestion of mine seemed to comfort Mr. P. wonderfully.

I drove afterwards to see Mrs. Ritchie. She said she met Oliver Wendell Holmes last week. He is a very little man, rather old, but very bright and lively. He talked to her about her father and the other literary men he had met on his last visit to England fifty years ago. Hardly any of them are left to welcome him again. “I feel as if I had no business to be alive either,” he said pathetically.

Mr. Ingelow said the other day quite gravely, not at all as a joke :  
 “ The only subjects on which I can give a decided opinion are those on which I know absolutely nothing.” This remark tickled me, and afterwards, when Mr. Palgrave<sup>1</sup> was talking about Miss Ingelow, I repeated this remark, and he said there was some truth in it as far as he was concerned.

He then told me that when he was a young man he was art critic to one of the papers, and a picture was exhibited of Mary Queen of Scots upon which he was commissioned to write a critique. He was not in London at the time, and he could not get to see the picture, nor could he come across anybody who had done so. Nothing daunted, however, he set to work and wrote a eulogy on the picture, making general remarks that nobody could controvert, and referring a little to Queen Mary's history ; and he thought it was done quite as well as if he had really seen the picture.

I daresay that a good many of the critiques that one reads in the papers are written in the same way. I know I have seen musical critics whom I know by sight come into a concert and stay ten minutes or so and then go away. All the same,

<sup>1</sup> Compiler of “ The Golden Treasury.”

the critiques come out next day and all the singers are criticised, praise and blame being dealt out just as if the writers had been there all the time.



## CHAPTER XV

*An awkward moment at the Queen's dinner-table—  
Stockings off for the Prince—The retort Royal and  
courteous—Handsome Wilhelm II—A Prince who  
was forgotten—Wordsworth and Southey at home—  
Samuel Warren's conceit—Rugby under Dr. Arnold  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes's pun.*



## CHAPTER XV

*Several good stories of Royalty are collected here, the most piquant being that in which an American guest's desire for a souvenir caused what must have been something of a sensation at Queen Victoria's dinner-table. The Jubilee, of course, comes in for mention, with a reference to the present ex-Emperor of Germany, "certainly the finest-looking of all the escort," for whom "people have a special affection!"*

A CERTAIN English admiral, I think his name was Munday, was dining at Windsor with the Queen. At the same dinner was an American admiral. During a pause in the conversation, the American said, looking up the table at Her Most Gracious Majesty: "Will you give me your photograph, Mum?"

An awkward moment at the Queen's dinner-table

An ominous silence followed this request, during which the American remarked: "I'm afraid I've said something *onpleasant*. Have I?"

The Queen, by the way of changing the conversation and removing the "*onpleasantness*," said to her English admiral: "How long have

you been in the Navy, Admiral Munday? ” He paused a moment to calculate how many years it was, and before he could answer, the American interposed : “ He must have been a good many years, Mum, for his hair is as white as this table-cloth.”

Her Majesty remarked afterwards to Mr. Goschen that the American admiral was “ a very curious person.”

While the Maori Chiefs were waiting in the reception room for their presentation to the Prince of Wales, the principal chief stooped down and took off, not only his boots, but also his stockings before Dr. Liddon, who was in charge of the party, saw what he was doing. The worthy D.D. was in the act of helping the chief into his stockings again when in walked the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Royal children. The former had hard work to keep grave, and the latter shook with suppressed laughter.

The interpreter came forward, and pointing to the principal chief said : “ HE say he is as glad to see you as if you were your Mother.”

The Prince made a suitable reply, and then the man said : “ HE says that when he fought for

your Mother his cap was all that was left him."

The Prince hardly knew what answers to make to this remark, and while he was pausing to think, the interpreter began again: "HE says he has got no more to say and so he'll go now," which was doubtless a relief both to the Prince and the ecclesiastic.

Canon Liddon afterwards had the Maori Chiefs to dinner, and he gave them what he considered a first-rate repast, with soup, fish, and all the rest of it. They ate all that was put before them in solemn silence, and at the end of the dinner they all stood up, the Head Chief pronouncing one word most emphatically three times.

"What does he say?" asked Dr. Liddon of the interpreter, never doubting that it was something pleasant.

"He said, 'NASTY,' 'NASTY,' 'NASTY,'" was the unexpected reply. Dr. Liddon asked with some chagrin what they would have liked better, and the interpreter replied that they would have much preferred a large joint of beef which they could have gone on eating till it was all done: they found it so disturbing, they said, to have little scraps of different things set before them, and their plates changed so often.

Poor Canon Liddon! It was rather hard

on him after he had been at all the trouble and expense of the dinner to have it called NASTY.

I went to a bazaar the other day  
 The retort      which was organised by some ladies.  
 Royal and      Princess Mary of Cambridge came  
 courteous      down the stairs while we were in the  
 hall, looking bland and smiling.

After she had gone I was told that a lady had been commissioned to write to the Princess to ask her to open the bazaar, and at the same time she had written to another lady, and said: "I have just written to ask good, kind, fat Mary to patronise us," and what did she do but put the letters into the wrong envelopes.

The next day she got a note from the Princess saying: "You will be glad to hear that good, kind, fat Mary will patronise your bazaar." Was it not sweet of the Princess to answer in that way, and thus show she was not offended at the epithets.

The Queen looked rather pale and  
 Handsome      nervous as she went to Westminster  
 Wilhelm II      Abbey, but she was smiling and  
 at the      cheerful on her return. How thank-  
 Jubilee      ful she must have been when it was all over. The  
 Crown Prince of Germany was certainly the  
 finest-looking of all the escort round the Queen,

which consisted entirely of her sons and sons-in-law. People have a special affection for the Crown Prince, and are so thankful he was feeling well enough to be at the Jubilee. He is to have another operation for his throat to-day, and we are all anxious about the result.

Crowned heads are plentiful at this time in London: in the short distance between Hyde Park Corner and Princes Gate and back we came across the Kings of Denmark, Greece, and the King of the Belgians: the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany and their children: and Princess Mary of Teck and her belongings.

People were all agog, and on the look out for potentates at every turn. We also saw in the Row several of the Indian Princes, as well as the Holkar of Indore, who is a very great personage. The Holkar arrived in England the day before the Queen went to Balmoral, and she sent him a message that she hoped he would allow her to be the first to greet him, and that he would go nowhere till she had seen him. For some unexplained reason she did not send for him before she started North, and consequently the Prince of Wales could not invite him till the Queen had seen him.

A Prince  
who was  
forgotten

Each day of delay made him more furious, and he said he would join the Russians against us if he were treated in that way. The high officials who had to look after the Holkar during his stay in this country had their hands full to try and keep him from going back to India in a huff. After his interview with the Queen on her return, he went about a good deal, but he always looked sulky.

We enjoyed our visit to the Lakes, Wordsworth and Southey at home and found the place still redolent with the memories of the two poets who lived there. An old lady, a Mrs. Stanger, told us that she had known both Southey and Wordsworth well. There was, she said, so much difference in the characters and dispositions of the two poets. If you breakfasted with Southey at Greta Hall, he was constantly jumping up from the table to attend to the wants of his wife and his guests; while if you were staying at Rydal, you found Wordsworth breakfasting in bed, with his wife on one side of him and his daughter on the other side ministering to his wants and drinking in the words that fell from his lips.

Samuel Warren's conceit Mr. James Mellor related that during the Fenian trials his father (who was one of the Judges) was



escorted to and from Westminster by two policemen, and they were followed by two detectives in plain clothes. The judge used to get numbers of threatening letters every day. One man wrote: "I'll not only do for you, Judge Mellor, but I'll knock over some of those long-legged sons of yours."

There were eleven of the Mellors, all tall big men, so the Fenian would have had his work cut out for him. None of the threats were carried into execution, and the judge retired some time ago.

We talked about Samuel Warren, the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, who was a most conceited man. When James Mellor was going to be called to the Bar, his father said to him: "Ask Sam Warren to call you; he is an old friend, you know, and it will please him."

When the request was made, Warren said: "I'll do it with pleasure, my dear young friend, and it will be a thing to tell your children and your grandchildren that you were introduced to the Bar by Samuel Warren."

Mr. Mellor has seven children, but he has not as yet perceived that this announcement gives them any special feeling of elation at the honour done him.

General Hatch told me he was at Rugby in Dr. Arnold's time. He was in the school one term with Dean Stanley, and he was in the same form with Tom Hughes.

He said that the spirit at Rugby was so good. Dr. Arnold trusted the boys and believed in them, and this elevated them, and they tried to be all that he believed them to be.

General Hatch added that when he left Rugby and went to Addiscombe, it was very different. Dr. Scott's maxim was : " Never believe a word a Cadet says, and if he tells you a thing ON HIS HONOUR, you may be quite sure it is not true." It was terrible for Rugby boys to go there and have their word doubted.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and the Venerable Dr. P. had once an appointment to see a statue of Euripides. Dr. Holmes arrived first, and when a few minutes later his friend drove up in a buggy, he greeted him with the obvious pun : " Ah, you rid I see."

Dr. P. was wonderfully pleased with this sally, and on his return home attempted to repeat it for the benefit of his family. " Dr. Holmes was extremely witty this afternoon," he said.

“ We went to see the Euridice, and when I drove up he said, just as quick as a flash : ‘ Ah, doctor, I see you came in a buggy.’ ”



## CHAPTER XVI

*Browning and Lowell argue about brains—Oliver Wendell Holmes—Lowell economises and creates a mild sensation—Talks with the poets—Thackeray's request to his children—William Black reproves his friend.*



## CHAPTER XVI

*A visit to Oxford in 1886 on the occasion of the conferring of degrees on a number of distinguished men was the opportunity for recording several entertaining reminiscences of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the "very tiny pocket edition of a poet" as the writer describes him, of Browning in his usual light-hearted mood, of James Russell Lowell, and others. The interesting fact is related that Thackeray was strongly averse to a "Life" of him being written.*

I WENT to Oxford to stay with the Sandersons. Dr. Jowett had kindly included me in their invitation to dinner that evening. James Russell Lowell, the American poet, was there. Robert Browning was another of the guests, looking as usual pleased with himself and all the world.

Browning  
and Lowell  
argue about  
brains

The talk turned to the ceremony of the next day, when the degrees were to be conferred, and Mr. Lowell said, "When I received my degree here I could not find a college cap to fit me without great difficulty, which surprised me, as I thought you Englishmen prided yourselves on the size of your heads."

Mr. Browning made answer: "I don't know about that, Lowell. I don't think our heads are

specially large ; at all events, poets are always supposed to have small heads."

" Did I say I was a poet? I never said such a thing," replied Mr. Lowell laughingly.

Mr. Browning went on to say that " Byron's brain weighed only seven pounds."

" I know that," said the American, " but you see I go by the fineness of the grain ; a large head may simply mean a thick skull."

" Ah, here is a physiologist who will enlighten us on that point," said Mr. Browning, catching sight of Dr. Burdon Sanderson, but he declined to be brought into the discussion.

There were ten ladies and fifteen gentlemen at dinner. The Senior Proctor took me in ; he is nice-looking, though rather silent ; but there were other pleasant people opposite, and so I enjoyed myself, as is my wont. It got dark before dinner was over, and though our end of the hall was well lighted, yet all the rest of the room looked dim and ghostly, and the pictures of departed masters seemed to frown on us from the walls.

John Bright was nearly opposite to me ; he looked tired and worn. I never saw him smile once, and the only thing I caught of his conversation was a melancholy story about a poor woman,



Oliver Wendell Holmes and his daughter, Mrs. Sargent, had to come all the way from Edinburgh, and they arrived soon after we returned to the drawing-room. Dr. Jowett introduced him to me and to several other of the guests, but before we had "exchanged the time of day," so to speak, he was carried off by Mr. Palgrave and joined the group of poets at the other end of the room out of ear shot.

Oliver  
Wendell  
Holmes

Dr. Holmes is a very tiny pocket edition of a poet, with a droll, yet pathetic face. Kingsley once said that he looked like an "Inspired Jackdaw," but I consider it was an ill remark.

Next morning we went to the Sheldonian Theatre, and I was within a few yards of the Doctors as they came up to take their seats. The undergraduates called out "No Popery" when a Mr. Pope entered the theatre, and Oliver Wendell Holmes was received with this remark: "Did you come in your one-horse shay, sir?" referring to one of his poems. One of them called out to the Vice-Chancellor: "Speak up, sir, you are trying to imitate Irving"; and when Lord Herschell (who was the first to receive his degree), not knowing that the Vice-Chancellor was going to make yet another Latin speech to him before he shook hands, made a step forward,

and was stopped by four grand functionaries with maces, one of the youths called out : “ Let him have his head,” as if he were a restive horse.

I noticed that though the other  
**Lowell**  
**economises**  
**and creates**  
**a mild**  
**sensation**  
 D.C.L.’s wore scarlet and magenta gowns (a hideous combination), Mr. Lowell’s was scarlet and pink. There were all sorts of conjectures as to which University the gown belonged to. Mr. Browning said to me : “ The fact is that this silk does not wash, and Lowell’s gown has been sent to the laundry.”

That night Mr. Lowell explained that he had hired his gown in London instead of doing it at Oxford, and by doing so he had only paid ten shillings instead of a guinea. He was rather proud of this economy, but next day when he appeared so different from the other Doctors, he felt he had been taken in.

I had a nice chat with Dr. Holmes  
**Talks**  
**with the**  
**Poets**  
 in the garden. Hé told me that on his journey from Edinburgh a gentleman put a manuscript into his hand, and said he wished Dr. Holmes to read it while he sat opposite to him in the railway carriage, as he wished to see the effect it had on him. “ Now that was more than human nature could stand,” said Dr. Holmes, “ and so I contrived to get into

another carriage." He did read the pamphlet, however, but he eluded the author of it.

Dr. Holmes went on to say that he was glad that his own University gave him his degree four years ago, as he preferred that he should have the recognition from his native land before he received honour in England. He recalled the fact that fifty years ago tents were pitched on the green at the University fête, and it was quite a festive season. It was called "Commencement," as it was the beginning of the vacation.

A propos of some remark of mine, he said : " I think it is always better not to see people who write me enthusiastic letters, ladies I mean, of course, for I always fancy they must be young and beautiful, and it is a pity to spoil the illusion. They often write such dreadful hands, too, that sometimes I cannot even read their signatures, and they often cross their letters, and then I give it up in despair."

Speaking of a Freemasons Ball that had taken place the previous evening, Mr. Lowell remarked to me : " We in America look upon Freemasonry as a sort of joke, but you in England take it very seriously indeed."

Robert Browning, who had joined the circle, said : " I am not a Mason, but my son is. I used to think there must be some profound

mystery about it, but now I have come to the conclusion that there is nothing deep in it."

On my return to London I called  
 Thackeray's request to his children to see Mrs. Brookfield. Mr. Lowell was there, and also Mr. and Mrs.

Ritchie, and Mrs. Boughton. The conversation turned on the publication of some of Thackeray's letters that Mrs. Brookfield is bringing out in America. Mr. Lowell said it was just fifty years since he read *The Great Hoggarty Diamond*, and he admired the illustrations very much. "I don't think enough has been said," he remarked to Mrs. Ritchie,<sup>1</sup> "about your father's artistic life in Paris. His illustrations are occasionally out of drawing, it is true; so indeed were Hogarth's at times, but there is so much spirit in his work that I much prefer his own illustrations for his books."

Mrs. Ritchie told us that her father had strongly impressed on her and her sister that he did not wish his *Life* to be written.

The American poet was silent for a minute, and then he said: "I wonder why your father said that; perhaps it was only because he did not wish any of his family to undertake it."

Mr. Ritchie shook his head, and said he thought perhaps his father-in-law had a prevision

<sup>1</sup> Thackeray's eldest daughter.

of what Froude would do for the Carlyles, and wished such a thing to be avoided in his case. This set the talk upon the Carlyles, and Mr. Lowell said the impression in America was that much of Carlyle's bitterness was imbibed from his wife. She was in the habit of giving nicknames to their friends that just hit off their peculiarities, and Carlyle caught up the names and adopted them.

After Mr. Lowell went, Mrs. Boughton came in and began to talk about William Black's latest novel. She said her husband began to read the second volume, and rather liked it. He met Mr. Black shortly afterwards, and told him he liked the book, but he inadvertently let out that he had begun in the middle. Mr. Black did not seem to approve of this at all, and said seriously: "How would you like it, Boughton, if I were to look at your pictures upside down and then express an opinion on them? It is the same sort of thing you have done by me." Mr. Boughton did not, however, consider the cases parallel.

The American Minister gave a dinner at which Browning and Dr. Holmes were among the guests. The "autocrat of the breakfast table" asked the poet: "Mr. Browning, do you enjoy all the adulation you receive?" which un-

William  
Black  
reproves  
his friend

expected question rather took Browning aback, but after he had got over his surprise, he said that it made him feel profoundly humble.

Dr. Holmes then said : “ Almost every day I get one or two letters, mostly from strangers, saying that the writer admires my works. I don't know what their criticisms are worth—not much I daresay, but nevertheless, I think I should miss them if they ceased to come.”

It was very outspoken and honest of him to say that.

## CHAPTER XVII

*Wellington knew his enemy—The girl who was beautiful and candid—Problems of Inheritance—The next best thing—for Americans—The Bible Revisors and their critics.*





## CHAPTER XVII

*On the authority of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle who held offices in the Customs and filled the Chair of Poetry at Oxford (1867-1877), the diarist narrates an instance of the Duke of Wellington's prevision in anticipating the strategy of his opponent, Marshal Soult, one of Napoleon's best generals in the Peninsular War. Soult was often beaten by Wellington, and the story has an additional interest by reason of the manner in which it was confirmed.*

*Following are more stories from America, the one regarding the candid Beauty being all the more amusing in view of the writer's description of the famous painter. The reference to Dean Burgon, of Chichester, recalls his strenuous opposition to the revised version of the New Testament and his criticisms of the work of the revisors which appeared in the "Quarterly Review."*

HERE is a story of Sir Francis Doyle's about the Iron Duke. On one occasion during the Peninsular War the Duke of Wellington thought it necessary to make a forced march that he might anticipate the enemy in securing for his troops a certain position. In the course of this march the army became somewhat disorganised and the men struggled on to their destination in a way that would have rendered

Wellington  
knew his  
enemy

an attack by the French, could they have made one, difficult to deal with. The destination reached, the Duke gave his orders with perfect calmness and then he said : " Now I shall go to bed."

" To bed, my lord? " was the somewhat anxious query ; " but what if the French attack us during the night? "

" Don't be alarmed," said the Duke, " we are quite safe from attack till ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

The troops came up and were properly disposed of, and the requisite preparations being made, everybody was ready to receive the enemy at ten o'clock.

Just as predicted, shortly after that hour the French made their appearance in force, and endeavoured to wrest from the British troops the advantage gained by that successful march : they were, however, baffled and driven back.

General Alva, to whom the Duke spoke more frequently than to most of the other officers (probably because he was of foreign birth) ventured to put this question to him : " Might I ask, my lord, how you knew that the French would not attack us till ten o'clock this morning? "

" Oh certainly," was the answer. " As we

were riding through the pass did you not see three French vedettes gallop off as hard as they could go? ” “ No, I did not,” said Alva with surprise. “ BUT I DID,” retorted Wellington, “ and I felt at once what would happen. These fellows went off and reported to Soult that they had seen me there in person, and I knew Soult quite well enough to be sure of his course. He would summon a council of war as soon as possible and tell them : ‘ If Lord Wellington is there in person he must have got up his reserves,’ and I was quite certain that theirs could not be got up to act against us till ten this morning, therefore I took things easily and went to bed.”

I was repeating this story, continued Sir Francis, in the common room at All Souls one evening, old Sir Charles Vaughan, the ex-Ambassador to France, being present. “ Ah, yes,” he remarked, “ I know that story as well as you do : and what is more I can cap it for you. I was telling it some years ago at a dinner in Paris, when a French General, one of the party, on hearing it looked for a moment or two rather sulky and discomposed, but at last he broke out as follows :

“ Yes, indeed, that is true, for I was second-

in-command on that occasion, and those were the very words Soult used."

**The girl**                Here is another story—of peace,  
**who was**               not of war this time—told me by Sir  
**beautiful**             Frederick Leighton, the President of  
**and candid**           the Royal Academy. He is a most  
refined, fastidious man, so much so, indeed, that  
he seems to throw a sort of halo of refinement  
wherever he goes in his native land, but it does  
not seem to be so when he goes abroad.

Last summer, he said, he was sitting at table d'hôte next to a very beautiful American girl. He admired her in silence for a short time, then he thought he would like to hear her voice, so he turned to her and said: "I hope you had a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic."

She replied promptly: "A pleasant voyage! No, indeed, it was fearfully rough, and I was so sick, I nearly brought up my stockings."

He was horrified at her peculiar expression, and before he could make any remark she added: "I dare say you are wondering what brought us to these baths, but the fact is MY SKIN DON'T ACT."

Sir Frederick wondered what fresh details she would enter into next. From that day he was content to admire her from a distance and had no desire again to hear her voice.

This recalls a reminiscence of Mr. Horace Davy, which he told me. When he was in America he was talking to a lady in New York who complained that in that city there was at present such an Anglo-mania, that the people were copying the English in everything. One rich man lately had gone so far as to leave the bulk of his property to his eldest son. Mr. Davy did not look so shocked at this strange act as she expected, so she said : “ It is quite unnatural to a Republican mind to make distinctions. A man should leave his children, both boys and girls, an equal provision.”

Problems  
of  
Inheritance

Mr. Davy said : “ But suppose a man has two daughters and one of them has married a rich man, and the other a poor man, you surely would not think it unfair of him to leave the poor daughter the most money? ”

Whereupon the lady replied : “ I should think it very unfair : how is he to know that in a year or two the rich man may not have lost all his money and the poor man have become rich.”

This was such an unexpected argument that Mr. Davy had no answer ready, and so he thought it better not to pursue the subject further.

**The next  
best thing  
—for  
Americans** Miss Ingelow gave me the other day a charming copy of her poem “The High Tide.” The Americans have just brought out this edition, which is beautifully illustrated. There is a picture at the end which purports to be “the birth-place of the author,” and her nursery window is described. Miss Ingelow said she was not born there, and it was not a picture of her father’s house at all, as that was burnt down many years ago : it was her grandfather’s house.

If the Americans can’t get the exact thing they want, they get the nearest thing, and let it do for it.

The author sent Ruskin a copy of her book, and he wrote back to her rather ungraciously and asked why she sent him such a melancholy poem when she knew he wanted cheering. She apologised for him by saying that he was always rather touchy when he was recovering from an illness.

She told me she had been reading a book by Proctor, the astronomer, and she was full of the “vast immensities.” She hoped that when we were clothed with immortality we should be permitted to visit the different worlds which the astronomers tell us of. “I have had so little going about during my life here,” Miss Ingelow

added pathetically, " that I hope to make up for it in the life which is to come."

She went on to tell me that when her mother was a child she lived with her parents in High-bury, a suburb of Islington, which was then considered a " good " place to live in, though now it is the back of beyond. At the children's parties about there she remembered meeting Ben Disraeli and Tom Macaulay; she did not much care for either of these boys, but she thought James Wood a very nice boy indeed. He was the Sir James Wood who afterwards had so much to do with the trial of Queen Caroline.

Miss Ingelow's mother left London while she was still a child and so she never came across either of these boys again, though she lived to hear that " Ben " had become Prime Minister, and she read with pleasure the History of England written by Tom Macaulay.

The articles in the *Quarterly Review* on the " Revision " were written by Dean Burgon. The day after the first one appeared, Dr.

The Bible  
Revisors  
and their  
critics

Hanna, the Vicar of Brighton, went to Chichester, and the first person he came across was Dean Burgon.

Dr. Hanna remarked to him: " I have just been reading your articles." " What articles? "

asked the Dean, trying to look innocent, upon which Dr. Hanna said : “ There is no need for you to pretend you don’t know what I mean ; there is not another man in England, and I doubt if there is another man in Europe, who could have written them except yourself.” Dean Burgon confessed he had written the articles and took his friend home with him and showed him all the notes in his common-place book, from which they were compiled.

Dean Burgon has been for thirty years thinking, writing, and making notes on this subject, and it was quite a chance, so to speak, that the new version of the Scriptures coming out in his lifetime gave him the opportunity of giving to the world the labour of all these years.

Why critics in general do not agree with him is that they attach so much more weight to the Sinaïatic Manuscripts and to those of the fourth and fifth centuries than he does. He takes the rendering of the majority of all the manuscripts, declaring that the version quoted by the ancient Fathers in the second and third centuries were more likely to be correct.

This reminds me that the Portress at Westminster Abbey who looked after the creature comforts of the Revisors, when asked if she took good care of them, made answer : “ Oh, yes,



mum ; I makes them very comfortable. The New Testaments—they takes nothing but bread and butter ; but the Old Testaments always has a jint.”

I have no doubt in her heart she preferred the ways of the O.T.’s, as there would be more perquisites from the joint.



## CHAPTER XVIII

*John Stuart Mill—A reminiscence of Macaulay—  
The careful Dean—Treasure Trove in a curio shop  
—Fictitious values of antiques—The clergyman who  
held his tongue—A visit to Girton—A lady with  
many lovers—The dénouement.*

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## CHAPTER XVIII

*The diarist includes some reminiscences of Miss Macaulay, sister of the historian, Lord Macaulay. She told of the harsh education of John Stuart Mill; and in the references to the new liberties which the young were beginning to enjoy is a Victorian protest against the departure from the old traditions of bringing up children. Of the other stories included, two will cause collectors to sigh for the golden opportunities of those "old curiosity shops."*

MISS MACAULAY came to lunch with us, and the conversation turned upon John Stuart Mill's upbringing. She said that his father was a declared foe to imagination, and as he wanted to make his son practical he did his best to stifle the poetry and imagination in the boy's nature. When he grew up he came under the influence of Mrs. Taylor, whom he married. He let his imagination have full swing, and clothed her with all graces human and divine, and she became to him a god, the only one he acknowledged, and he worshipped her.

Poor soul! How dark his life must have been when this "will-o'-the-wispish-iridescence of a woman," as Carlyle called her, was taken from

John  
Stuart  
Mill

him. No wonder Carlyle was a little hard on her, for she it was by her carelessness caused the destruction of his manuscript copy of the first volume of the "French Revolution." He had lent it to Mr. Mill, and he had passed it on to Mrs. Taylor, to whom he had just become engaged.

Turning from Mill's early youth Miss Macaulay talked of the young people of the present day, and the excitement they think necessary for their happiness. Two years ago she was staying with some relations, and the young people went out night after night. One day the eldest girl said: "What shall we do with ourselves this evening, we have no engagements?" On this the grandmother called out from the chimney corner: "Spend a quiet evening at home, my dears, if you want novelty."

Miss Macaulay added that she  
 A  
 reminiscence of Macaulay could not be too thankful for the quiet humdrum life she and her brothers and sisters had led when they were children. Every little pleasure that came their way was thoroughly enjoyed, and they none of them knew what dullness meant. Her parents were most silent people, and the nine children were all great talkers. One winter, their eldest brother (the future historian) read

aloud the whole of Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion," and he used to pause in his reading now and again, and walk up and down the room explaining difficult passages to the younger children.

We talked about the late Dr. Howson, Dean of Chester. I stayed with him once at the Deanery at Canterbury, where we were both guests of the Alfords, and I enjoyed his society very much. He had a great prejudice against destroying letters: he always said they might prove useful some day, consequently the whole place was choke full of papers. Staying at the Deanery at Chester a year or two ago a guest opened a drawer to put away some of her things, and lo and behold! it was full of letters; she opened another with the same result; she tried the wardrobe, it was in the same condition.

**The  
careful  
Dean**

The Dean said calmly one day: "There are too many papers about," which obvious truth was followed by a chorus of "Far too many, father," from the children. "Only give me space and time," added the Dean, "and they will be sorted and put to rights."

"Father is always wanting time and space, and these are just the two things he can't get," said the eldest son. "Time would hardly be

sufficient, it would take an eternity to clear this house of papers."

A friend of ours was passing an old  
**Treasure** curiosity shop and took a fancy to a  
**trove in a** Shepherdess in old Chelsea china, so  
**curio shop** he bought it for fifteen shillings.  
 His wife and daughter laughed at his purchase and said he had been taken in, for that broken old Shepherdess minus an arm could not be worth so much as he had given for it.

A year or so afterwards there sprung up a perfect rage for old Chelsea china. The gentleman told his wife that he would take the old Shepherdess up to Christie's, where there was a sale of old Chelsea china, and then they would see what it was really worth.

Now it chanced that at this sale there were two rich china fanciers, and each of them for some reason had set his heart on becoming possessed of that broken Shepherdess. The first bid was £20, and so they went on bidding against each other till finally one of them offered £300, and it was knocked down to him. But he was not as pleased with his bargain as was the gentleman who had parted with the Shepherdess.

**Fictitious** Writing of "finds" reminds me  
**values of** of a story of another kind. A friend  
**Antiques** of the Mathesons went to the sale of



the Duke of Hamilton's things and bought four pictures painted on alabaster, in very foreign-looking frames. The artist had used the markings of the alabaster for clouds and pools of water, the effect being more peculiar than beautiful. The gentleman wanted them because he thought they were great curiosities, and after considerable competition, he secured them for nine hundred pounds.

After the account of the day's sale had appeared in the *Times* the purchaser received a letter from Martin Tupper saying that he possessed four more of those pictures painted on alabaster; three of them were perfect, and he was quite willing to let the purchaser of those in the Hamilton collection have his for a far less price than he gave for the others.

Of course when a man has paid £900 for what he thought to be unique works of art, it was not a little trying to hear that he could get others so cheap.

There was also a clock at the Hamilton sale that went for three hundred and fifty pounds, and a friend of ours shortly afterwards bought one identically the same for forty pounds. Articles at great sales seem to acquire a fictitious value, which is pleasanter to the seller than to the purchaser.

**The  
Clergyman  
who held  
his tongue** I heard the other day of a man who had for years held a Fellowship which could only be retained by an unmarried man, and he finally got a good College Living which is only given to Fellows. No sooner was he installed in the Living than he produced a wife and seven children.

Being asked how he contrived to hold his Fellowship with all these incumbrances, the clergyman made answer : “ If you can hold your tongue you can hold anything.”

**A visit  
to  
Girton** I remember being invited with fifty other ladies to spend an afternoon at Girton College, and took with me one of Dean Alford’s grandchildren, who also had an invitation.

At Cambridge wagonettes met us, and we drove to Girton. On the milestone on the road some wag had inserted the letter “ L ” after the first three letters, making it “ GIRLTON.”

There are fifty-six girls at Girton College, and each has a sitting-room adjoining it ; not large, but pretty and comfortable.

The Professor of Mathematics and Natural Science is a beautiful girl of 26 ; she is a daughter of Sir John Herschel, the astronomer and philosopher. Lady Stanley has fitted up a

charming laboratory for the professor, and now she is much vexed that Miss Herschel has engaged herself to be married.

“It is no use having professors so young and so pretty,” complains her ladyship, and I am inclined to agree with her.

I was told a curious story about Lady Herschel, the mother of the pretty Girton professor. Very shortly after one of her children was born her husband came up to her room to see how she was. She said she felt quite well, and she asked him what he had been working at that morning. He told her about some abstruse calculations he had made, and to her surprise and joy she found that for the first time she could follow him in all he told her, for though she was a clever woman in many ways she had not a mathematical mind. Her husband was both delighted and surprised at the questions she asked, and continued the conversation for some time.

Soon after he left the room she became delirious (I am sure I don't wonder at that *dénoûement* after all that exciting talk). When she got well again she found, to her great disappointment, that she could not follow her husband in his calculating flights, nor did the power to do so ever again return to her.

A Lady with many lovers      I remember meeting an American lady—a very fine fascinating woman of thirty. She wrote plays, I was told, which were sometimes acted in America, and she also wrote children's stories. Someone said to her while we were at tea: "I heard you were going to be married a little time ago."

"So I was," replied she. "In fact I think I may say I am going to be married now, only it is to another MAN. It is a very long and complicated story." She then proceeded to give us the "complicated story," but it was so involved that we got confused amongst her many lovers. There was a rich man who had been waiting ten years for her, and a poor man who had been equally faithful—both these were Englishmen. There was also an American who expressed a wish to marry her if she could not decide on either of the Englishmen. She ended her story thus: "They are all splendid men, it is an *embarras des richesses*; and if I could be friends with all and marry none I should prefer it, but I think it will end in my choosing the poorest of the two Englishmen, but I must get to know him a little better first."

A little while after this I heard that she was regularly engaged to the poor Englishman. The

day after she came to her decision she went to a friend's house to lunch and there she met a man she had known some years ago, and whom she had always felt she could have loved had he shown the least love for her, which however he never did.

At lunch she casually mentioned her engagement to her hostess, on which the young man grew very pale, and he grasped the table and said fiercely : " Why did you do that ? Why did you not wait ? I have a letter from my mother which I was just going to give you, asking you to stay with us at our place in the country." At this she felt very perturbed, and wondered whether she had been premature in engaging herself. However, this new lover got into a rage about something and showed himself in such an unamiable light that she felt glad she had decided her fate before she saw him.

The American lady turned up again a week or two ago in very low spirits. Her engagement is broken off, the lover has given her up this time, at which she seems to feel hurt. It happened thus. She asked some friends to tea and at the same time invited all her discarded lovers. She felt that as they were disappointed men she must be specially kind to them, so she had a flirtation all

The  
dénouement

## 210 ECHOES OF THE 'EIGHTIES

round, which the accepted lover did not like. They had “ words ” afterwards and then he broke off the engagement, at which she seemed surprised.

Still she has so many others to fall back upon, and they are “ all splendid fellows,” so she need not be long inconsolable.

## CHAPTER XIX

*The early notoriety of Oscar Wilde—Tales that were told—Grandma shocked—Browning meets the new literary star—Wilde's marriage and a wedding gift—How a Wildean costume was inspired.*





## CHAPTER XIX

*The stories of Oscar Wilde which are related in these pages concern his career as the leader of the æsthetes rather than as the literary force he became. After winning brilliant successes at Trinity College, Dublin, he had descended upon Oxford where he gained the Newdigate Prize with his poem "Ravenna." The interest and curiosity he aroused in Society circles is reflected in these pages. The reminiscence telling of his choice of a wedding present is typical of his unpractical mind; and the story of the dream illustrates his love of eccentric dress. His first meeting with Browning, in the amusing circumstances described, recalls his witicism when discussing George Meredith: "Meredith is a prose, Browning—and so is Browning." It was on arrival at New York for the lecturing tour here mentioned that, on being asked at the Custom House if he had anything to declare, he answered: "I have nothing to declare except my genius."*

AFTER one of Dr. Tyndall's lectures at the Royal Institution last week, I went up to have tea with his wife. Her mother, Lady Claude Hamilton, was there, and presently in came Mrs. Spottiswood, the wife of the President of the Royal Society, with her two little boys and a young man whose name I did not hear.

The early  
notoriety of  
Oscar Wilde

wood said they must not stay a moment as they were on their way to Oscar Wilde's to meet Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Cornwallis West, and all the professional beauties of London.

Dr. Tyndall asked : " Who is Oscar Wilde ? " and Mrs. Spottiswood opened her eyes wide with surprise at his ignorance and said " Oscar Wilde is a poet. "

" A poet is he, then what has he written ? " was the next and most natural question.

Mrs. Spottiswood hesitated before answering, and in her perplexity looked at the young man, who promptly answered for her and said : " Well, you know, Oscar Wilde has not written much AS YET, except his University prize poem, " evidently implying that we had only to wait and great things would come.

**Tales that  
were told**      A girl went up to Dr. Burdon Sanderson at a party at Mr. Spottiswood's and said to him : " I am sure you are celebrated for something, and I want you to tell me what it is. " Dr. Sanderson replied : " I presume it is for my sweet temper, " which answer annoyed the girl.

That same girl has now become a disciple of Oscar Wilde. She was taken by some people with whom she was staying to spend a day with our friends the Lumsdens at Pitcaple. There

were a number of young people there, but she did not consort with them.

When they were all assembled in the drawing-room for tea Mr. Lumsden asked her how she had been amusing herself that afternoon, and the girl replied: "I have been sitting in the nursery with your baby: I adore babies, don't you?"

"No, I don't," said Mr. Lumsden, "I prefer them when they can run about and talk."

She then remarked: "Making acquaintance with your baby is like making love, it is a very slow process." Having thus attracted the attention of the whole company she began to describe the aesthetic afternoon parties they have at her mother's house in London.

"Oscar Wilde," she said, "is constantly with us. In front of our home is an almond tree. One day last spring when it was in full bloom he stood at the window gazing at it.

"I said to him: 'Is it not too beautiful?' and he answered: 'I should like to be asked to your house simply to meet that almond tree. I should even prefer it to a tenor voice.'"

At this point she looked round, expecting someone to express admiration of this beautiful sentiment. The company, however, made no remark, so she continued:

“ Once when Oscar Wilde was ill, the doctor gave him a prescription, which he sent to the chemist to be made up. When it came home he saw that it was of a dingy brown colour, and the pills were grey. He at once returned them to the shop with this message: ‘ Unless you can make the medicine more beautiful in hue I cannot take it. I know that I may die in consequence, but I am willing to die rather than to drink that ugly stuff.’ In due time the medicine came back a rosy red and the pills were gilded, so he took them and recovered.”

This affecting narrative amused them all very much, but the girl failed to see why they were amused.

Old Mrs. Lumsden, the grandmother, said: “ Who is this Oscar Wilde that you talk so much about? Is he an officer? ”

“ Say that again, please,” requested the girl. The innocent old lady, thinking the girl must be slightly deaf, repeated her remark in a louder tone of voice, on which the girl gave a scornful laugh and said: “ Really that is too good; I think I must send your remark to *Punch*.”

It is not to be wondered at after this that Mrs. Lumsden considers that girls have very much degenerated since her young days.

The last I heard of this admirer of Wilde's was that a night or two ago she had been taken down to dinner by a rather elderly but very charming scientific man. As she left the dinner table she said to him : " I daresay it is a great honour to be taken in to dinner by you, but it certainly is no pleasure."

I don't know whether he made any answer to this rude remark. I wish he had said that to him it was neither an honour nor a pleasure. Not that I suppose the girl would have minded the least if he had done so.

Oscar Wilde has gone to America and is giving lectures to our American cousins. When he came into the Hall at Boston to deliver his lecture, lo and behold! there were seated in the front row no less than sixty young students from Harvard University, all wearing knee breeches and black silk stockings and each of them with a huge sunflower in his button-hole.

**Browning  
meets the  
new literary  
star**

They said they did it out of compliment to the poet, but the poet did not seem quite to see the compliment, and had more than half a suspicion that they were turning him into ridicule, and so he was rather offended with them.

Shortly before he went to America on his lecturing tour a lady asked him to dinner and he

gratefully accepted the invitation. Later that same day he was asked to dine with another friend who lived in the Regent's Park, in order to meet Robert Browning. He instantly accepted the second invitation, as he had long wished to make the acquaintance of his brother poet. He then wrote to Mrs. Smith (the first lady whose invitation he had accepted) and said he was sorry he could not keep his engagement to her as he found he had to GO NORTH that evening.

When Mrs. Smith got Oscar's second letter she asked no more people, as he was the pivot on which her party circled. Having also received an invitation from the lady in the Regent's Park to come and meet Browning, she accepted it.

The two poets arrived early and were introduced to each other, and Oscar was just getting his horns out and beginning to show off when "Mrs. Smith was announced." Robert Browning observed a look of dismay pass over his companion's face and he stopped talking abruptly.

Mrs. Smith came up and said: "You have treated me very badly, Mr. Wilde. Is this what you call 'Going North' ? I shall never speak to you again."

Oscar Wilde was equal to the occasion, however, and he managed to soothe her ruffled feelings so well, that before the evening was over they were as great friends as ever.

Oscar Wilde was married last summer to a girl who lived near here, and I used often to see the young couple when they took their walks abroad. The great Oscar was so afraid of there being a crowd to see him married that the day was kept a profound secret. Even the bridesmaids were only told a day or two before, and they were sworn to secrecy.

An aunt of Oscar's gave him fifty pounds with which to buy a wedding present. As they are not particularly well off, and as they at that time possessed in the way of furniture only three Chippendale chairs, a table and a clock, she said she hoped they would buy something useful with it.

When they came back from their wedding tour they showed her with great triumph two beautiful Apostle spoons in a vase which they had bought with her money. They expected her to be quite enchanted with their good taste in the selection of the present, instead of which she blew them up roundly and told them if they knew no better than that how to spend their

money it had better be laid out for them by sensible people.

I suppose they will learn wisdom in time.

Here is the latest story about  
**How a** Oscar Wilde, which recalls that of  
**Wildean** the musician, Tartini, who dreamt  
**costume** the musician, Tartini, who dreamt  
**was inspired** one night that the devil sat on the  
 end of his bed and played a difficult  
 air with all sorts of runs and trills in it. Tartini  
 woke up, and found himself whistling the air.  
 He rang the bell, and sent for a friend, who came  
 at once and wrote down the air, trills and all,  
 which Tartini had never left off whistling. This  
 is known as the " Trill de Diavolo " to this day.  
 I have often heard Joachim play it at concerts.

Well, the great Oscar says that he also had a dream. A ghostly personage appeared to him—he can't put a name to the said ghost—but he observed that it wore a coat of a peculiar make and colour which somehow reminded him of a violincello.

Directly he woke he jumped up, *à la* Tartini, and seizing a pencil and paper he made a drawing of the ghostly garment. A few hours later he took the sketch to his tailor and ordered a suit to be made for him exactly like the picture. The cloth that it is made of is peculiar, it looks bronze in some lights and red in others. He



wore it at the private view of the Grosvenor Gallery. It has a peculiar seam across the back that somehow does remind one of a violincello.



## CHAPTER XX

*The Lady Doctor scores—A Spiritualistic Seance—  
The Clergyman tricks his Churchwarden—Abraham  
Hayward receives a cutting rebuke—A Romance of  
the Stock Exchange.*



## CHAPTER XX

*The description in this chapter of a spiritualistic seance is of interest as being a Victorian "experiment" in a subject the study of which was soon to attract such widespread attention. The seance, judging by the report given, was attended with a success which, to say the least, was remarkable: the account was received with the incredulity which would be expected.*

I MET a lady doctor at the Brights; her name, I think, was Kingsford. She was decidedly a beautiful woman with fair hair. She was rather expensively dressed, and did not give one the notion of being a very strong-minded woman.

**The lady  
doctor  
scored**

She had been making a pilgrimage to the different towns where there were laboratories to get up societies against vivisection. She interviewed all the scientific men, and they "tried to get round her," but, according to her own account, she "floored them all in argument."

After passing one of her medical examinations, she chanced to meet one of her examiners, and so she asked HIM how he would know if a person was mad enough to order them to be put into an asylum. He said that people had generally one

fixed idea of which they could not be disabused. "For instance," he said, "I sent a man to an asylum the other day because he had a fixed idea that he was in the habit of seeing and conversing with the spirit of his deceased mother."

"But how do you know that he really did not do so?" asked Mrs. K.

"Because," replied the Doctor, "there are no such things as spirits: when our bodies die there is an end of us."

"Indeed, is that your decided opinion? You believe there is no after-life?"

"Certainly I do, and no sensible person doubts it."

"Then," said she triumphantly, "that is your fixed idea and I'll write an order for you to be put into an asylum."

Mrs. Kingsford then related to us  
**A** her experiences at a Spiritualistic  
**Spiritualistic** Seance. It was held at the house of  
**Seance** a friend of hers, and there were only eight persons present. They assembled in a room which had folding doors which were open. A shawl was hung over the opening, and a sofa drawn across it.

The guests had previously examined the back room to be sure that nobody was concealed there, and then they locked the outer doors. The room

was fairly well lighted, and when all was ready the medium lay down and apparently went to sleep on the sofa, the shawl being between him and the audience.

In a few minutes a tall figure in white appeared, and sat on the back of a chair, his feet resting on the seat.

One of the company at once exclaimed :  
“ That is Joey.”

Mrs. K. asked who Joey was, and the “ ghost ” then replied that he had been a clown, and added : “ I am now an Enquirer, just as you are Mrs. Kingsford.”

She was much surprised to hear a “ ghost ” speak, and wishing to test his further powers she took up an apple that was lying on the table, and asked if he could eat it. “ Certainly I can,” said Joey, so she cut the apple in two and handed him a piece, which apparently he managed to eat. This seemed such an unheard of feat that she asked him what became of the apple. “ It will be dispersed into the air,” said Joey. Mrs. K. then asked if she might cut off a piece of his ghostly garment, and he held it up for her while she snipped a bit off.

She next took the hand of the “ ghost ” and shook it, and it felt quite hard and firm, so she held it very tight, and all at once she felt she was

holding nothing ! Joey had withdrawn his hand in a ghostly manner, and while she looked at him she noticed his legs were getting thin and shadowy, and he, answering her astonished look, said : “ There is another spirit waiting to come, so I must be going.”

After making this remark Joey jumped off his perch and stood in the middle of the room and got thinner and thinner and more like a luminous shadow, and gradually sank down till only a white vapour appeared on the ground, and from out of this vapour appeared a female figure, which was shortly afterwards followed by another. These, however, did not speak at all, and the interest seemed to centre in Joey.

On being questioned Mrs. K. had to admit that it was not given to everybody to see the “ ghost.” She knew, she said, that more credence would be given to a clever man’s version of these strange phenomena than to a woman’s, so she had persuaded Mr. Hutton, the Editor of the *Spectator*, to go with her one evening to a seance, and she was very much annoyed that there were no manifestations on that occasion.

Mrs. Kingsford evidently felt that none of us were very much impressed, and thought us somewhat sceptical about her experiences, so she re-



marked: "I myself should not have believed about Joey unless I had seen him with my own eyes."

I wonder how much she really did see, and how much was to be attributed to her excited condition and active imagination. She evidently believes it all herself, but it seems quite incredible to an outsider.

The other evening at dinner we got on the subject of sermons, and Lord Herschell said that one Sunday, when he was in Wales, a very feeble-looking curate got up to preach, and he was surprised to hear such a good sermon from him. After a little while, however, it struck him that the sermon was somehow familiar to him, and then he remembered that it was one he had read by a celebrated preacher. As he came out of the church, one of the churchwardens said to him: "Are we not very fortunate in our new curate? he gives us first-rate sermons." Of course, Lord Herschell did not undeceive him.

The  
Clergyman  
tricks his  
Church-  
warden

Another guest told us how a friend of his systematically preached sermons from books, as he considered them so much more profitable than any he could write himself.

After a time, one of his churchwardens got hold of the book of sermons he was then preach-

ing, and took the book to church. The clergyman saw him follow line by line with his finger all down the first page and nudge his wife to make her look over with him. The preacher was annoyed at this, and hit on a method of disconcerting the couple. He turned over two pages, just putting in a connecting sentence, and then he went on calmly reading. The churchwarden, who had naturally only turned over one leaf, tried in vain to find the words that were being read, and at last he shut up the book in despair.

Abraham Hayward receives a cutting rebuke	Mr. Lowell said he had been trying to persuade Mrs. Proctor to write down her recollections of all the literary people she had seen and known for the last fifty years, but he feared she had not begun to do it yet.
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Mrs. Brookfield remarked that she felt rather afraid of Mrs. Proctor, as she was given to severe remarks.

Mr. Lowell recalled that Mr. Kingslake told him one day how he was sitting beside Mrs. Proctor at a small dinner-party, and opposite Abraham Hayward (the essayist and founder of the *Law Magazine*), who began speaking in disparaging terms of Lord Houghton. Mr. Kingslake said he saw Mrs. Proctor was getting more

and more angry, and he knew there would soon be an explosion; and sure enough, when Mr. Hayward paused for breath, she burst out with :  
 “ Abraham Hayward, I wish for the first time in my life that I was a man, as in that case I would call you out for what you have been saying about my friend Lord Houghton, and for the first time in your life you would find yourself in the position of a gentleman.”

Was not that a story most *à propos* of what had been said about Mrs. Proctor?

A young man proposed to a girl, and her father said to him : “ You need not come back till you are prepared to settle ten thousand pounds on my daughter. I am not going to let her marry without a proper settlement.”

A Romance  
of the  
Stock  
Exchange

✱ The young man went away in the lowest of spirits, for though he had a fair income, he had no money to settle on his fiancée. He told his story next day to a friend in the City, who said :  
 “ Suppose you try a little speculation. I’ll buy you a thousand ‘Brushes’ ”—meaning, of course, shares in the Brush Electric Light Company.

After ten days, the friend handed over £17,000 as the profits of the transaction to the young man, who went straightway to his future

father-in-law, handed him a cheque, and said :  
“ Here are the ten thousand pounds to settle on  
your daughter.”

The elder man asked how the money had been found so quickly, and the lover replied : “ Oh, it is all right. A friend of mine bought me some brushes on the Stock Exchange, and they went up in a wonderful way. I don't know if they were hair brushes, or nail, or tooth brushes, but there seemed a wonderful demand for them.”

The end of the story is that the two young people were married and, as in the old story-books, lived happy ever afterwards.

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